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FOUR ARE SENTENCED TO THE PENITENTIARY

Harry Meese and James Hand
Get 3 to 5 Years for Larceny.

JOKED ABOUT ESCAPE

David Hummell, Sentenced for Escaping, Explained to Court He Skipped from Prison Farm Because He Couldn't Stand Prosperity.

Judge Quigley on Monday sentenced four prisoners to the Western Penitentiary to terms of one to five years.

David Hummell, an escaped convict from the Rockview penitentiary, was sent back to Pittsburgh to serve the remainder of his original term and a new term of not less than one year and two months or more than one year and four months. Hummell and another convict named Peter Hartman escaped from Rockview last Thursday. Hummell was recaptured at Unionville. He promptly pleaded guilty to the charge of escaping and went before Judge Quigley for sentence.

That some humor may be injected into even a prison sentencing incident was demonstrated by Hummell. His manner was that of the fellow who appreciates a joke even when it happens to be on himself. When Hummell stood before Judge Quigley his face broke into a grin that was infectious. It seemed but an instant until the Judge and the few spectators on hand were smiling. A few questions from Judge Quigley elicited the explanation by Hummell that he had been arrested in Blair County and sentenced to the county farm, only to escape and be recaptured and later sent to the Pittsburgh Penitentiary. He was transferred to Rockview and again escaped. In neither instance was he able to gain more than a day or two of freedom before being recaptured. It was seemingly by this fact that provoked his sense of humor.

"Didn't they treat you pretty well out at Rockview?" queried Judge Quigley.

"Yes, pretty good," replied Hummell. "Well, why did you go away then?" followed up Judge Quigley.

Hummell's face again took on a broad grin. He shrugged his shoulders as he remarked:

"Guess I couldn't stand prosperity." Judge Quigley thereupon pronounced sentence and Hummell sat down.

Harry Meese and James Hand, charged with larceny of articles from a general store at Sandy Ridge, were then called for sentence. Both had entered pleas of guilty, Meese having pleaded guilty to several charges. Judge Quigley sentenced each to the Western Penitentiary to a term of not less than three or more than five years. A charge of receiving stolen goods, which had been lodged against Mrs. Harry Meese, was nolle prossed. Judge Quigley suspended sentence on Meese on the other charges lodged against him.

Robert Brown, colored, was up before Judge Quigley for reconsideration of a suspended sentence. Some time ago Brown was arrested at Snow Shoe, charged with stealing a bicycle and sweater belonging to Larry Redding. The prisoner when first taken before Judge Quigley entered a plea of guilty to receiving stolen goods, but denied all knowledge of the fact that the same had been stolen. Judge Quigley, to give Brown the benefit of the doubt, suspended sentence and paroled him in the custody of the American Lime & Stone Co. Brown was directed to remain at work and pay the costs of the case out of his wages. Recently he began drinking and a few nights ago caused some trouble in town. When placed under arrest he became abusive and resisted the officers. He was lodged in jail and finally found himself before Judge Quigley for the second time. Brown made all kinds of promises to Judge Quigley to escape going to prison, but the Court stated that the prisoner had abused the chance afforded him to make good and was not entitled to additional sympathy. Brown was thereupon sentenced to the Western Penitentiary for a term of one to two years.

Congressman Watson Here.

Congressman Henry W. Watson, of the Bucks-Montgomery district, was a visitor in Belleville Wednesday. With a party he stopped here enroute by motor car from Pittsburgh to his home at Langhorne. Mr. Watson has been addressing Liberty Bond meetings at points along the Lincoln Highway. He predicted that Pennsylvania would over-subscribe for its quota of Liberty Bonds.

WOMEN AS HUNTERS

Sixteen Have Thus Far Taken Out Licenses to Hunt in Centre County.

When the County Treasurer's office closed for the business day yesterday 2700 hunters licenses had been issued. With the near approach of the wild turkey and deer seasons applications for licenses are increasing with each day. For some days past the number issued has averaged about one hundred per day. The open season for squirrels, pheasant and quail is now under way. The season for rabbits opens on November 1st and continues to December 15th. That for wild turkeys extends from November 15th to 30th. The deer season is December 1st to 15th.

Thus far sixteen women have taken out licenses to hunt this year in Centre County. This is quite an increase over last year. To date licenses issued to women include the following:—Ida Daughenbaugh, Howard; Ruth Askey and Hazel Lewis, Pine Glen; Mabel Cole and Mrs. Reba Russell, Snow Shoe; Margaret Osman and Mrs. Jeanette Marshman, State College; Mrs. A. C. Kepler, Pine Grove Mills; Mrs. Nannie Houtz, Charter Oak; Isabelle Loughner, Spring Mills; Mrs. Rosie Holt, Moshannon; Minnie Bressler, WarriorsMark; Mrs. Bettie Orvis Harvey, Belleville; and Florence Davison and Mrs. Ruth S. Nelson, Philipsburg.

Didn't Know it Was Loaded.

On or about October 13th Walter Davis, a student of the Belleville Academy went to the Potter-Hoy hardware store and purchased from Mark Williams, one of the clerks, a twenty-two calibre gun. He took it out with him to the woods on several occasions since the opening of the hunting season and finally came to the conclusion that it was too light to hunt deer with and so he returned it last Saturday. He was waited on by Boyd Vonada, another clerk who got a larger gun out of the show window to let him examine it, saying that before the exchange could be made he would have to consult Mr. Potter. In the meantime Davis pulled the trigger of the gun he returned and immediately a bullet flashed from it and went within six inches of Vonada's head, passing through a wire netting in the window sash and was imbedded in the ceiling of the window. The only explanation given was that he didn't know it was loaded. It was the old story that causes the death of so many people.

The Liberty Loan Parade.

Saturday evening there was a parade in Belleville in the interest of the Liberty Loan Bonds. It was headed by an auto containing Burgess Edmund Blanchard, C. M. McCurdy, president of the First National Bank, and Col. W. Fred Reynolds. They were followed by the Boys Band of Milesburg and a number of citizens carrying banners. It was organized to get the people interested and stirred up. If the Kaiser wins this fight the farmers of this country will be taxed out of existence. It is far better to lend the United States your money at 4 percent than to leave Germany win the war and probably lose everything. It is a condition which is critical and farmers and everybody should remember that Saturday is the last day.

Farrow—Wetzel.

Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock Miss Helen Wetzel, of Belleville, became the wife of Thomas Farrow, of Williamson, West Va. The ceremony took place at the home of the bride on South Thomas street and was performed by Dr. A. M. Schmidt, pastor of the Reformed church. The ceremony was attended only by the immediate family. Following the services there was an informal reception and also a wedding dinner. The bride is the daughter of the late Harvey Wetzel and is well qualified to become the mistress of a home. The groom is superintendent of coal mines in the south and a young man of considerable tact and business ability. They left on the afternoon Pennsy-Lehigh flyer on a wedding trip and finally will locate in the south.

Liberty Bonds at State College.

Centre county's drive in the Liberty loan bond campaign was given a new impetus with the announcement that the Pennsylvania State College will subscribe to a quantity of bonds to be sold to faculty members on the monthly installment plan. It is expected that the college employees will subscribe to at least \$5000 worth of the government notes.

Homes Quarantined for Scarlet Fever.

Two homes in Pleasant Gap are at present quarantined for scarlet fever. At the Archie Zettle home three children are down with the malady, while at the John Tate home two children are ill.

THREE TROOP L BOYS SUFFER FROM POISONING

Taken Violently Ill After Visiting Georgia Orchards.

ALL WERE UNCONSCIOUS

Corporal Jerold Robison, of Milesburg, and Privates Walter Smith, of Howard, and H. B. Scott, of Altoona, have Narrow Escape.

Three members of Troop L, stationed at Camp Hancock, Augusta, Georgia, recently had narrow escapes from death from poisoning. They are H. B. Scott, of Altoona and Walter Smith, of Howard, Privates, and Jerold Robison, of Milesburg, a Corporal. All three are now on the road to recovery and will soon be on the job as usual.

It seems that the three troopers were out on a foraging expedition, hunting principally for the choice fruit that is supposed to be grown in Georgia orchards. Supposedly they ate something that they assumed to be wholesome, but which proved to be very poisonous. Enroute back to camp all three were taken suddenly and violently ill and dropped unconscious along the road. When found some time afterward by other soldiers the three were unconscious and were in such critical conditions that their tongues were stiff. They were rushed to the hospital and stomach pumps applied. Fortunately the poisonous substance was removed before it had spread throughout the system and all three boys were finally revived. They explained that they had eaten various articles picked up as fruit, but could not determine just which was the fruit of a poisonous character.

Another member of Troop L experienced a mishap a few days ago that might have resulted much more seriously. Ellis Keller, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Keller, of Belleville, was thrown from his horse and sustained painful bruises to his back. The members of the troop were engaged in a drill with their horses at the time of the accident. The main feature of the drill was mounting and dismounting while the horses were at a gallop. In some manner Ellis lost his balance and was tossed over the head of his horse. The horse passed over his prostrate form, but fortunately he was not trampled. He was removed to the hospital and later was able to be taken to his tent. It was at first feared that his spine had been injured, but further examination by Major S. M. Huff, of Belleville, revealed that such was not the case. Mrs. Keller departed on Sunday for Camp Hancock to be with Ellis in the event that her services might be needed, and to pay him a visit should his injuries prove not to be of a serious character.

Letters received in the last few days from Camp Hancock give the information that the Boal Mounted Machine Gun Troop, of Boalsburg, has been transferred to the 108th Infantry, Machine Gun Battalion. The transfer does not take the Boal Troop far from its former location in the camp. The Boal Troop formerly numbered 90 men. The number is to be increased to 250. Captain Leitzell now has four instead of two lieutenants. Two sergeants, William G. Imboden and Lawrence F. Snook, have been commissioned as lieutenants as a result of the increase in the membership of the troop.

A Taxi Collision.

Last Saturday evening Robert McMullen, one of the drivers for the White Line Taxi Co., Belleville, had a little collision. He was coming from east Linn street when at the Lutheran church, corner of Allegheny and Linn streets, he met one of Emerick's large busses on the way to Milesburg. While turning from Linn street onto Allegheny street he struck the rear part of the large bus. The result was that the front of the taxi was pretty badly dilapidated and had to be taken to the shop for repair.

Married at Court House.

Tuesday afternoon Theodore A. Johnson and Miss Ethel Dinges, both of Peale, Pa., were married in the library room at the Court House by Rev. Walter F. Carson. Following the wedding ceremony a number of the Court House officials and clerks appeared with tin horns, tin buckets, etc., and tendered the newly married couple a noisy serenade. The groom was somewhat surprised but sized up the situation and handed the serenaders a \$1 bill. The officiating minister tossed in another dollar and the serenaders celebrated with candy, etc.

When you want a good smoke try "Black and White."

SUGGESTS TEST CASE ON CONVICTS' COSTS

Judge Quigley Wants Early Ruling by Higher Courts.

SYSTEM IS ENDANGERED

Centre County Commissioners Refuse to Pay for Return of Convicts Who Escape from Rockview and Court Takes Action.

How to arrange for the payment of necessary costs resulting from the capture and return of escaped convicts to the Western Penitentiary is a problem affording no end of trouble just now to Centre County officials. Taking the ground that other counties from which escaped convicts were originally sentenced had refused to reimburse Centre County for costs advanced following the recapture and sentencing of such prisoners, the Centre County Commissioners formally decided to refuse to pay such costs in the future. This decision created a situation necessitating prompt action, inasmuch as prisoners escape and are recaptured every now and then and their cases must be disposed of as speedily as possible. They must be recaptured and punished for escaping if the whole system at Rockview is not to collapse. With the knowledge in advance that proper costs would not be paid officers of the law could not be expected to co-operate.

The matter was brought formally to the attention of Judge Quigley in court on Monday and he promptly met it with the announcement that he would issue a written decree directing the Centre County Commissioners to pay such costs until a ruling might be had from the higher courts. It happens that the law on the subject is not any too clear, and taking advantage of this some counties have refused to reimburse Centre County where costs have been incurred. Centre County now has pending in Bradford County a suit to compel that county to reimburse for costs resulting from the recapture of a convict and returning him to Pittsburgh. The attitude of the Bradford County Commissioners is that their responsibility ended when they turned the prisoner over to the authorities at Pittsburgh and that any additional costs resulting from his escape properly belonged to the State.

Judge Quigley, while the matter was before him on Monday, suggested that something be done at once to have the matter settled. He suggested that there be instituted a case stated in order that the point in dispute might quickly reach the higher courts. In this connection Judge Quigley said:—

"The recent Legislature should have passed the bill covering this matter. At the same time, while the matter happens to be in dispute it does not follow that such costs that are unavoidable should not be paid. If necessary I shall issue a written decree directing the Centre County Commissioners to pay such costs, and Centre County can be reimbursed at some future time. The same principle is involved where no one locality is willing to assume responsibility for the care of persons who are in destitute circumstances. Such persons must be cared for in the time of need, even though the responsibility may not be fixed until later.

"It would seem to me that there could be a case stated, in which event this Court would rule in the matter. Personally I should be willing to have it carried to the higher courts and be reversed if the law does not happen to cover the question, for in that way we could at least have the matter brought before the attention of the people of the state and be in position to demand of the next Legislature that the law be perfected so that Centre County is properly protected. The whole system in force at Rockview depends on the point involved here. Prisoners who escape must be recaptured and punished. Otherwise there would be wholesale escapes. Costs incurred by officers must be paid if such officers are to be expected to co-operate. It is a situation that we must meet and meet promptly."

Machine Shop Destroyed by Fire.

S. B. Stine's large machine shops at Osceola, Centre County, were totally destroyed by fire at 2 o'clock last Thursday afternoon. Mr. Stine had just completed a large job of work which he was going to send to the British Government the following day. It was valued at \$20,000. This together with other big jobs were among the ruins. The Philipsburg and Houtzdale firemen responded to a call for aid.

INTERESTING REMINISCENCES

Given by John J. Lejeal the Piano Tuner to The Republican.

Friday John J. Lejeal, of Erie, was a caller at our sanctum and gave us some pleasing reminiscences of his experiences in Belleville as a piano and organ tuner. He had just come from the residence of Mrs. R. V. Pugh where he tuned a square piano. In looking it over he discovered he first tuned it on May 16th, 1870, over forty-seven years ago. At that time he was taken around and introduced to the people by Henry Brockhoff, Sr., deceased, among whom was Mrs. Pugh. At that time there were only sixteen square pianos in the town. It was difficult for him to recall them all but those he remembered were in the homes of the late Hon. John H. Orvis, Hon. Adam Hoy, John P. Harris, Dr. R. W. Hale, H. N. McAllister and Henry Brockhoff Sr. There was but one in Centre Hall in the family of the late ex-Sheriff John Spangler, father of Col. J. L., and Reuben Spangler of Belleville. State College was practically in its infancy and his impression was that there was but one in that community. An upright piano at that time was a curiosity.

Since that time Mr. Lejeal has been making frequent business visits to Belleville. His sister was married to Isaac Miller better known as "French Ike" who in 1878, was proprietor of the Cammings House. It will be remembered by the older citizens of Belleville that "French Ike" was killed in a runaway accident at Lemont.

A Good Suggestion.

The Women's Club, of Belleville, has suggested that the newspapers request the citizens, boys and girls in Belleville and throughout Centre county to refrain from such waste as throwing corn, cabbage and the like which are generally used in having a good time on Hollowe'en. We all want a bit of cheer on this occasion but this year, and until the terrible war is over, what may be thrown away on this occasion might be needed even here at home. While the people of the world are dying of starvation by the million don't let us be wasteful. Those who have corn to throw away certainly have pennies that they could give to those who are now crying for bread.

Bathurst—Walker.

Wednesday evening at 7.30 o'clock David Bathurst and Miss Nora Walker, of Belleville, were united in marriage by Rev. Hugh McLeod, of the United Brethren church. The ceremony took place at the home of the groom's father, Herbert Bathurst, on Beaver street, in the presence of a number of friends. Following the ceremony there was a reception and dinner. They are both most excellent young people and their friends join in wishing them a happy and prosperous life. Mr. Bathurst is a plumber and is employed by Archibald Allison.

P. O. S. of A. Anniversary Session.

Washington Camp, No. 887, P. O. S. of A., of Belleville, will celebrate their first anniversary at a special session Friday evening of this week, Oct. 26th, in Gregg Post Rooms, when all members of the Camp are cordially invited and urged to be present. At the conclusion of the business session refreshments will be served and addresses relative to the principles and policy of the order will be made by prominent speakers. State Organizer Veisley is expected to be present.

Open New Offices.

Huyett & McNitt, lumbermen, are fixing up their offices on Spring Street "to the Queen's taste." This week they placed in the front office mahogany furniture among which is a large six-foot table with a glass top. It will be a very pleasant place for the stockholders to meet and declare dividends, or talk the matter over to increase dividends. This is a very energetic firm and always is up to the times.

Goes to Rock Island.

Harold Ward, son of Dr. J. E. Ward, of Belleville, a graduate of State College who took special training at State as a reserve officer, received word Tuesday to report Monday at the Arsenal at Rock Island, Ill. He leaves this (Thursday) afternoon for Huntingdon where he will spend the night with friends and Friday continue his trip west.

Epworth League Sociable.

The Epworth League of the Belleville Methodist church will hold a sociable in the church this (Thursday) evening at 7.45 o'clock. The author of a nice poem will be present and every member should be present to see him. A good time is expected. No admission charged.

Advertise in "The Republican."

LIBERTY BOND DRIVE IN COUNTY IS \$500,000

Estimated Half-Million Mark will be Reached by Saturday.

MANY ARE RESPONDING.

Committees of Business Men Co-operating with Bankers to Dispose of Bonds—Subscription Period Expires this Week.

Centre County bankers, business men and others are making a hard drive to show Liberty Bond subscriptions amounting to \$500,000 by the time the subscription period expires, which will be Saturday, October 27th. It is confidently believed that this goal will be reached and possible exceeded. When various committees wound up their canvasses of yesterday and turned in reports last night indications were that a total of \$275,000, or more, had been sold. The drive will be continued today, tomorrow and Saturday and every person who can do so should co-operate by buying one or more bonds.

The several banks in the county last night reported very encouraging subscriptions of bonds. The First National Bank, of Belleville, turned in \$103,000 in subscriptions. The Belleville Trust Company reported subscriptions amounting to \$40,000, with more in immediate prospect. The Centre County Bank reported \$12,000 bonds taken by investors through that institution. Show Shoe is right on the job. The Snow Shoe Bank reported subscriptions amounting to \$10,000 and predicted that the \$35,000 mark would be reached by Saturday night. The State College First National Bank reported \$20,000 subscribed, with more in sight. The two banks at Millheim did not turn in reports when information was asked for over the phone by The Republican.

Tax Law.

Of interest to the amusement going public is the new tax law that requires all patrons of amusements of any sort except fraternal and church benefits to pay an admission tax mainly meant to be ten percent of the price of the ticket. It also effects all movies with the one exception of the exclusive maximum admission five cent house in which there will be no patron tax.

The above law and its interpretations makes the tax as follows. In places of amusements charging over 5 cents as the maximum price the war tax required of patrons in addition to the price of the tickets is 5c tickets 1st tax, 10c tickets 1st tax, 15c tickets 2nd tax, 20c tickets 2nd tax, 25c tickets 3rd tax and so on ten percent of the price of the ticket on each ten cents or fraction thereof. This is a pure and simple war tax and will raise many millions for the government to prosecute this war for humanity and democracy and begins to be collected on the first of November. Patrons of amusement places will save their pennies and have them ready and willing to do their bit for their country in its hour of need.

A Revival Institute.

On Friday, Nov. 2nd, Dr. Ezra H. Yocum, pastor of the Belleville Methodist church, will have what he has designated a "Revival Institute." It will be an all day service, beginning at 10 o'clock in the morning, 2 o'clock in the afternoon and 7.30 o'clock in the evening. At these services he will be assisted by ministers from a distance, so that the day will be spent very profitably in christian work. The speakers are as follows:—Morning—Rev. I. H. McKeehnle, Rev. C. W. Rishell and W. W. Willard. Afternoon—Rev. C. C. Shuey, Rev. W. H. Williams, Rev. H. F. Babcock, Rev. H. S. Crammer and Rev. J. W. Long. Evening—Rev. S. B. Evans, District Superintendent, and Rev. M. C. Piper. Everybody is cordially invited.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank Sasserman has issued the following marriage licenses:—
{ Earnest Stark, Chester Hill
{ Ellen M'Guire, Philipsburg
{ David L. Bathurst, Belleville
{ Nora M. Walker, " "
{ Geo. Thos. Farrow, Williamson Va.
{ Helen M. Wetzel, Belleville
{ Clifford Hunt, Philadelphia
{ May E. Wolf, Snow Shoe
{ Theodore A. Johnson, Peale
{ Ethel E. Dinges, " "
{ Robert G. Hassinger, Belleville
{ Louisa G. Grassmyer, " "

George Yarnell, Jr., who is located at Chester, spent several days this week with his parents, Sheriff and Mrs. George H. Yarnell.

MORE MEN FOR CAMP

Thirty Percent Ordered to Admiral, Maryland, Early in November.

An additional thirty per cent. of Centre County's quota of 117 drafted men for the new army will be sent to Camp Meade during the first week in November, according to orders received by the local Exemption Board. The time fixed temporarily for departure is November 2nd, but this may be changed to permit the men from the several States to vote at home on November 6th. Thirty per cent of Centre County's quota is 36.

On Friday of last week forty-eight additional drafted men appeared before the local Exemption Board for examination. Of this number seventeen were discharged for physical causes and thirty-one were accepted. Nine of the thirty-one did not file claims for exemption. They were John Henry Chisman, Charles H. Haugh, James Andrew Hoover, Earl L. Moffitt, Alexander B. Graham, Diado Palumbo, Earl Goss Emenhizer, Robert Lannen and Raymond M. Petzer. The result of the examinations follows:—

ACCEPTED

Willis W. Emenhizer
John Henry Chisman
David Solomon
Walter C. Parsons
Flemuel T. Rupert
Lewis E. Biddle
John Horner
Charles H. Haugh
Harry P. Winslow
Harry E. Kellerman
John Sipula, Jr.
Charles E. Probst
Charles W. Martin
James Andrew Hoover
Steve J. Chisman
Charles E. Sunday
Earl L. Moffitt
Patterson I. Holt
George Roy Marks
Paul F. Wagner
Alexander B. Graham
Charles M. Walk
Diado Palumbo
Harry Walk
John Earl Harvey
Earl Goss Emenhizer
Robert Lannen
Raymond M. Petzer
John Jacobs
Robert F. Allison

DISCHARGED

Claude M. Segner
Andrew Jackson Griest
Charles B. Lee
Charles A. Russell
Milton E. Baney
Thomas Hickson
George Boal Jordan
Paul James Smith
Leon W. Kerstetter
Reuben G. Heverly
Fred Nelson Lutz
Raymond Hoover
Edward Updyke
John Levi Stover
Ira H. Hough
Joshua Israel (Phila.)
The local Exemption Board passed on and approved the exemption claims of the following men and they were accordingly declared exempted:—
Harry E. Kellerman
Lewis E. Biddle
Flemuel Rupert
Patterson I. Holt
Gny Willis Korman
Paul F. Wagner
James Beaver Moore
Edwin Grant Emil
Henry B. Mensch
H. I. Greenawalt
Seth Bell
Willis W. Emenhizer
Robert F. Allison
Charles W. Martin
Charles E. Probst

November Cosmopolitan.

The November Cosmopolitan, now on sale, offers a literary banquet.

Among the contributors in this number are: Herbert Kaufman, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Arnold Bennett, Maurice Maeterlinck, Lillie Langtry, George Ade, Booth Tarkington, Samuel Merwin, Charles G. D. Roberts, Dana Gatlin, George Randolph Chester, Arthur B. Reeve, Owen Johnson, Elizabeth Robins, Robert W. Chambers, Harrison Fisher, W. T. Benda, Frank Snapp, John T. McCutcheon, Worth Brehm, Howard Chandler Christy, Paul Bronson, Edward L. Chase, Charles E. Chambers, Will Foster, George Gibbs, Alonzo Kimball, W. D. Stevens.

Reformation Services.

A Reformation Day service will be held in the Presbyterian Church, under the auspices of the Bellefonte Ministerium, Wednesday evening, October 31st, to which the public is cordially invited. Rev. George W. Richards, D. D., Professor of Church History, in the Reformed Theological Seminary at Lancaster, will deliver his address on "The Debt we owe to the Reformer." Dr. Richards is at the present time in great demand, and Bellefonte is fortunate in securing him for this date.

Porker Had Two Hearts.

Robert Thompson, a farmer residing near Port Matilda, slaughtered a porker recently that had two perfectly shaped hearts, the only difference being that one was a little longer than the other. Mr. Thompson took the hog to Phillipsburg and sold it to Z. I. Woodring, the butcher who said he never knew of a hog having two hearts.

WONDERFUL ENGINEERING FEAT

A Great Electrical Cable Swung Across the Susquehanna on Thursday.

Several weeks ago the Republican gave a few details as to the operations of the Juniata Public Service Company at Millersburg. This company is practically the same as the State-Centre Electric Co., whose office and store are in Bellefonte. In that article we spoke of the company taking coal from an adjoining creek that only nets 25 cents a ton. There is hardly any question but this process of securing coal will continue indefinitely, so that electricity can be manufactured and given to consumers at a reasonable price. In time the line will extend in all directions to towns hundreds of miles away.

The Millersburg plant is on the opposite side of the Susquehanna river and to carry the current across it was necessary to do it by cable. The river being over a mile wide it took some thought and ingenuity to plan something that would be permanent and at the same time give satisfaction. To this end Howard Thompson, of Bellefonte, the general superintendent of both these plants, and those associated with him, spent much time and money in working out a plan for this wonderful undertaking. And Thursday of last week their theory became practical when the long cable was thrown across the river at Halifax in the presence of a large crowd of people. The cable was put up in two sections, one 1,800 feet and the other 1,200 feet, the work being in charge of lineman William Crawshaw, of Bellefonte, who had demonstrated while in Millersburg that he possesses more than ordinary ability in building electric lines. It is a 22,000 volt cable and is kept in place by two large steel towers fifty-five feet high that stand on either side of the river. These towers are firmly anchored in heavy concrete bases, and made very substantial to carry the weight of the cable and keep it in place during high storms. When the work was finished Crawshaw gave a demonstration of its strength by swinging across the river on the cable in an ordinary lineman's belt. It is stated that the cable is the longest of the kind in the state and was very difficult to handle.

New machinery is being placed in the plant at Millersburg and the intention of the company, as soon as practical, is to run a line over the mountain to Coburn and connect there with the line from the Millersburg plant. When they get this in operation the Millersburg plant and the one at State College will be held simply as emergency plants. When you stop to think of the undertaking it is of considerable magnitude and shows what energy and money combined can accomplish. Of course the enterprise is backed by men of means but every day this industry is growing in value. Several hundred thousand dollars has been spent thus far and perhaps several hundred thousand will yet be spent before its completion.

Best War Time Receipts.

Every loaf, cake or muffin made in whole or in part from some other cereal than wheat flour is entitled to a place in the long list of war breads that patriotic cooks have been zealously making as their contribution to the food conservation campaign. Most housewives know how to make rye bread and cornmeal muffins, but there are many excellent ways of using wheat flour substitutes which are not yet common knowledge.

The Royal Baking Powder Company has collected in a little booklet, which it calls "Best War Time Receipts," twenty splendid formulas for making such interesting and patriotic foods as rye rolls, hominy muffins and eggless, milkless and butterless cakes. The booklet is dedicated to the housewives of the United States who are assisting the government in its work through the food administration. I wish it were possible for every cook and home baker to have a copy of the attractive booklet. And that you may better be prepared to help Mr. Hoover save wheat, write to Ruth Watson, director of the Educational Department of the Royal Baking Powder Company, New York City. I am sure she will be glad to send you a copy of her splendid booklet.

Tobacco for Railroaders.

"A ton of tobacco a week for our railway regiments" is a new slogan of the railway supply concerns of the United States. A nation-wide movement has been started among the men who make or sell everything used on railroads to assure the solace of smoking to every American railway man in France. The originators of the movement took up the matter with Samuel M. Felton, president of the Chicago Great Western and director-general of United States railways abroad. Mr. Felton had a study made which showed that it would take over a ton of smoking tobacco every week costing more than \$1,000, to supply the railway regiments. The supply men are to raise over \$50,000 for smoking tobacco for these regiments, no matter how long the war lasts.

Feel languid, weak run down? Headache? Stomach "off"? A good remedy is Burdock Blood Bitters. Ask your druggist. Price \$1.00

We do all kinds of job work—Give us a trial. Prices reasonable.

POCKET KNIFE USEFUL

Used by Prisoners of War to Make Their Escape.

One of the most spectacular escapes of prisoners of war recently occurred on the Saloniki front where four French soldiers who had been taken prisoners by the Bulgarians were carried back to their own lines in airplanes. After their capture the four men were tightly bound but their captors forgot to search them. During the night one of the men succeeded in freeing himself with his pocket knife and he then liberated his three comrades. The men eluded the sentries and fled into the woods. For three weeks the men hid themselves in the woods, living on wild berries.

Finally they sighted a French airplane and after repeated signals succeeded in attracting the attention of the aviator who made a landing not far from where the men were hiding. They explained their plight and the aviator asked them to wait until he returned. A few hours later he came back, with three other machines and all four prisoners were carried back to the French lines.

New Bridge Started.

Bellefonte motorists who have been in the habit of driving over the Seven Mountains to Lewistown and down through the narrows to Mifflintown will be glad to know that operations were started Friday at the Jacks Creek bridge which collapsed with the loss of two lives upon the afternoon of Monday, October 8th. A strong wooden trestle will be built upon the site as a temporary structure to do duty over winter and in the spring work will be started upon the construction of a substantial concrete bridge with a floor width of 24 feet. It is expected that within a month or not longer than six weeks, according to the condition of the weather, the temporary bridge will be opened for travel. The other day a number of Bellefonters autoed over there with the intention of going over this route to Harrisburg but had to detour for miles around over rough roads.

Lack of Charm Cause of Divorces.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt, the great French actress, in a signed article in the November issue of Harper's Bazar attributes the numerous divorces that have come into the courts of late years to lack of charm in the women concerned.

"If I stood at the threshold of life," says Mme. Bernhardt, "asking of it something with which to buy happiness, I should beg for charm. For if one has charm, she will be loved. And a woman must have love to be happy. Beauty does not matter. If a woman has charm she can secure whatever she wants—love, success, power."

But the divine Sarah also says that this invaluable quality can be cultivated, and her prescription in Harper's Bazar reveals the secret.

To Make Clearfield Co. Dry.

The Clearfield county committee of public safety passed a resolution declaring that, "Whereas, The production of coal is being greatly hindered by the sale of liquor to miners, the chairman of the committee be directed to take up with Judge Singleton Bell a proposition to close all saloons and wholesale liquor houses in the county for the period of the war."

Harry Keller's Appointment.

Friday Governor Brumbaugh appointed the following persons as members of a commission to provide for the selection of a site for the erection of a state institution for inebriates. E. P. Young, Towanda; Harry Keller, Bellefonte; S. S. Woods, Lewistown; and ex-judge James W. Shull, of New Bloomfield, the latter being the father of Mrs. Norman Wright, of Bellefonte.

Why is it?

A Boston newspaper wonders why fresh mackerel is sold at 18 cents a pound in the Hub and at Gloucester for 5 cents. A Kansas newspaper wonders why potatoes sell at 45 cents a peck in Kansas and at 30 cents a bushel in rural Minnesota. These are discrepancies that are not due to war conditions. They existed before the war. Mr. Hoover the National Food Commissioner, has traced much of the advance to the retail dealer.

Unclaimed Letters.

The following letters remain unclaimed in the Bellefonte postoffice:

Harry Dorman, R. M. Guery (2), John Hancock, Jack Lorigen (2), Miss Alice Myers, Jack Morgan, L. H. Moyer, James H. Rux, Miss Alice Weaver, John D. Zink. When called for please say advertised.

Must Go to War.

Edsel Ford, son of Henry Ford, has been denied exemption from selective service by the district appeal board. Ford's claim was based on industrial grounds.

New Job for Mr. Palmer.

A. Mitchell Palmer, of Stroudsburg, Pa., formerly representative in congress, was appointed alien property custodian, under the trading with the enemy law.

Cheapest accident insurance—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. For burns, scalds, cuts and emergencies. All druggists sell it. 30c and 60c.

ALL AIRCRAFT OUTFITTED

Ancient Bird, the Pterodactyl, Had Twenty-Five Feet Wings, Weighed About Twenty-Five Pounds.

Whence do the angels derive their wings—the angels, that is to say, of painting and sculptural art? From what source is the accepted model for these appendages derived?

It is rather difficult to say, according to the Philadelphia Public Ledger. But apparently the wings conventionally worn by angels are those of the albatross. At all events, albatross wings correspond most nearly to the patterns.

The albatross weighs about 18 pounds and has a wing spread of 11½ feet. Each of its wings has an area of seven square feet. With a wing spread proportionate to size, an angel as well equipped for flight as the albatross ought to be able to fly very well.

The trumpeter swan, which is the greatest weight-carrier of all long-distance flyers, would be at a disadvantage as compared with an angel. It weighs 28 pounds and has a wing spread of only eight feet.

But no angel or modern bird could compare as a flyer with the pterodactyl of 6,000,000 years or so ago, which, weighing perhaps 25 pounds, had a wing spread of 25 feet. Its bones were almost paperlike and its body hardly more than an appendage to its wings. With a head that was principally a daggerlike beak, and a pouch like that of a pelican, it fluttered mothlike (looking for fish) along the shores of the Cretaceous sea that extended northward from the present Gulf of Mexico to and over Kansas.

He was "some" flyer, the "pterodactyl" (as naturalists call this species of pterodactyl); our modern flying machines have yet to rival his performances.

HAPPINESS INDUCES OLD AGE

Human Body Demands Enjoyment, and Like a Rose, Will Not Thrive in Shadow.

A woman has declared that at one hundred and six she is in better health and happier than at any previous time in her life, according to the Christian Herald.

Surely a woman who is healthy at one hundred and six ought to be happy. She would have to be happy to be healthy.

None but a happy disposition could carry one through so many years. A gloomy temperament would strangle life out of the body long before the age of one hundred and six.

The human body can no more thrive in shadow than can a rose.

We live by desire to live. Enjoyment of and rest in life are a constant source of life supply.

Old age ought to be the happiest period of life, particularly for a woman. If she has kept her mind active and has wisely refused to settle into the dull rut that people always have ready for her, she can begin in old age to enjoy life in earnest.

In old age there is no more worry about the babies, no more suffering for others. The children are grown up, and, if her part has been well done, they are a prop and a solace to her. Grandchildren are a delight without the bitter, constant worry.

The woman grown old in years should be at her best mentally. She is free to indulge her tastes, enjoy a good book and the conversation of genial minds.

Women retain their vitality and spirits longer than men do. The burdens of life fall from them gradually, and the peace of retirement from active duties comes upon them little by little and almost imperceptibly.

Optimism Helps Some.

Happy is the man or woman who can lay aside the cares and sorrows of the rushed and crowded today and revisit the scenes of yesterday. Happy, too, is the man or woman who lives in the tomorrow; that tomorrow where all is fair and bright; that tomorrow in which we are going to do noble and helpful deeds, and to win fame and fortune; that tomorrow in which we are going to move the world a million miles nearer to heaven, making it a better place for our fellowmen in which to live; that glorious tomorrow in which our dreams are to come true if prayers and conscientious efforts count for aught in bringing them to pass. Don't give up your dreams. Don't deny yourself this bit of happiness, for each beautiful, inspiring dream mellow your heart and widens your mental horizon.—Exchange.

Alice Was Not Particular.

Little Alice was a great pet of her grandmother, who lived in the same house with her. Alice had the bad habit of running away, and her mother often had to resort to rather strenuous measures to keep her at home. One afternoon her mother was ready to go to her club, but as usual Alice was missing, so she started out in search of her. Finding her at one of the neighbor's, she started with her toward home in silence. Suddenly Alice looked up with a winning smile and said: "Oh, mamma, you don't need to go home; you can just go on to your club, and grandma can whip me."

Miscalculation.

"Why, didn't that widely advertised cafe open?"

"Well, you see, after putting in a dancing floor, an ice skating rink, dressing-rooms for the cabaret performers and a platform for the orchestra, there was no room for tables."—The Lamb.

Opera House

Monday, October 29

ONE NIGHT ONLY

A. H. Woods Brilliant Comedy Success

CHEATING CHEATERS

A Farce Melodrama in Four Acts by Max Marcin

Direct from a record breaking run at the Eltinge Theatre, New York.

A DIFFERENT
KIND OF PLAY

NOT A
MOVING
PICTURE

DON'T CHEAT
YOURSELF
SEE IT

THE SMARTEST MERRIEST COMEDY OF RECENT YEARS

A Laugh Every Minute

A Surprise to Every Laugh

PRICES 25-50-75-\$1.00 & \$1.50

CRYING FOR HELP

Lots of It in Bellefonte But Daily Growing Less.

The kidneys often cry for help. Not another organ in the whole body more delicately constructed;

Not one more important to health. The kidneys are the filters of the blood.

When they fail the blood becomes foul and poisonous.

There can be no health where there is poisoned blood.

Backache is one of the frequent indications of kidney trouble.

It is often the kidneys' cry for help. Heed it.

Read what Doan's Kidney Pills have done for overworked kidneys.

Read what Doan's have done for Bellefonte people.

Mrs. J. T. Gordon, 130 E. Beaver St., Bellefonte, says: "I, and another of my family, found great benefit from Doan's Kidney Pills. We got them at Parrish's Drug Store. Our trouble was backache and a dull, constant ache through the loins. I was in misery at times and mornings was sore and lame. I dreaded to begin my housework. Doan's Kidney Pills made my kidneys normal and relieved the backache. I have had no return of the trouble since. Doan's Kidney Pills are all right."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—Get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that cured Mrs. Gordon. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfgs. Buffalo, N. Y.

New Postage Rates.

The new rate of postage which will apply after Nov. 2, 1917, will affect letters postal cards and all matter sealed against inspection, or in other words matter of the first class only. The rate will be 3cts an ounce or fraction thereof and must have one full rate of postage paid at the office of mailing. This will affect letters postal cards and all sealed matter that are to be delivered through another office only. All first class matter for delivery through the local office which includes rural routes emanating from this office, as well as boxes and General Delivery will still be mailable at the old rate of 2 cents an ounce. The meaning of the word drop letter as it applies to this office is one that is intended for local delivery only and may be dropped in any street letter box as well as at the Post Office. A supply of three cent stamps is on hand.

In this connection we wish to call the at-

tention of the public to the importance of mailing Christmas packages intended for soldiers and sailors of the American forces at as early date as possible and to wrap them and pack them securely and address them plainly not forgetting to put your return address on the upper right hand corner of the address side. These instructions apply to Christmas packages mailed for delivery in this country as well as those going abroad. Packages may have written on the address side, the words, "Do not open till Christmas."

"Me and God."

The German Kaiser has repeatedly announced that "He and God" are going to win this war, which no rational man thinks is true. However, if God is with the Kaiser there can be no doubt as to who will be the victors in this bloody warfare. The president of the United States knows this is true and in recognition of the Almighty's hand in ruling and governing the nations at this time he, in a proclamation, has denominated Sunday, the 28th, as a special day of prayer to beseech the Almighty to show his hand and stop the terrible carnage. It is therefore the duty of every person in Bellefonte and throughout Centre county to join with President Wilson on that day to make special supplication to the Supreme Ruler to guide the destiny of this nation at this time. Should we lose the Kaiser will compel the American people to submit to heavy taxation, and thus lose our independence of which we have been so proud. Those in authority realize that we must make good and must employ every agency to save our nation. Don't let us treat this subject lightly by ignoring God who, in the final analysis, is the power who will settle the war for or against us.

Large Crop of Potatoes

Reports from the agriculture department at Harrisburg are to the effect that potatoes and oats are each six million bushels ahead of last year's crop, wheat one-half million bushels to the good, and corn promises its average crop.

Read The Republican \$1.50 a year in advance.

DOLLARS SAVED

On all Guaranteed Mak: fires

Sell us your worn out tires. Get circular No. 27P stating sizes and makes wanted.

Pittsburgh Tire & Rubber Brokerage Co. 206 Market Street - PITTSBURGH PA.

BUY LIBERTY BONDS

AND END THIS WAR

Let the Kaiser know we have the money as well as the men.

Every piece of real estate in this county is security for these bonds.

Four (4%) per cent semi-annual interest.

We make no charge for our services in purchasing these bonds.

Bellefonte Trust Company,
Allegheny Street Bellefonte, Pa.

By Order of Court

By Archey Cameron New

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Sleepy desolation settled more thickly on the courthouse square at placid Euclid corners as the mercury steadily rose in the tube and the county seat sizzled under the fierce summer heat. Even the few horses hitched outside the general store while their masters dawdled on the steps with old Zeb Marks, were too lazy to brush aside the flies that swarmed about their sweaty flanks.

In the old courthouse across the square the county clerk and his single assistant, perched upon their high wooden stools, scrawling at the docket, bemoaned the fate that kept them there while the summer recess afforded some of their more fortunate brethren a chance to get away to cooler climes. But off in one corner of the old gray building, in a small chamber, rather imperfectly cooled by a large electric fan, lounged one individual who seemed to care not whether the rest of the world was sizzling. For behind a desk, heaped high with law books, stenographers' copies, blueprints and papers of every description, his feet encased in large, roomy gaiters, and resting on the desk before him, a huge silk "kerchief" wrapped about his seamy neck and an old green eyeshade perched atop his broad, humorous nose, old Judge Bates sat drowsily staring at the printed page before him, his thoughts far off.

And into his musings, as if it were a dream, there stole the sounds of the rustle of a woman's dress, and suddenly he turned his head toward the half-opened door, and brought his feet abruptly to the floor. For a young, deliciously cool little apparition in a thin blue frock, revealing a white, rounded throat and a slender, graceful figure from the top of her glorious golden head to the tip of her tiny slippers, advanced toward him, a troubled look in her big blue eyes.

"Well, bless my soul!" exclaimed the judge, kindly, rising and extending his horny brown paw and grasping her slim white hand cordially; "little Ruth Marston. What brings you in town today?"

"I came for advice," faltered the girl nervously.

"Well, this is the place," said the other, smilingly. "Here—sit down." And he graciously brushed the dust from an old armchair and beckoned the orphaned daughter of his old law partner to be seated. "What is the trouble?"

She regarded him a moment in doubt, then plunged ahead: "I—er—if—er," she stammered, and he leaned forward and patted her hand reassuringly.

"Go ahead," he urged, in a kindly tone. "Don't be afraid, Ruth. You're just like my own daughter. Is it—er—a love affair?"

She stared and looked into his keen eyes before replying.

"Y—yes," she admitted, blushing furiously. "I—wanted to know if I could—that is, can a young man—go back on you whenever he wants to?"

The old judge whistled.

"So," he exclaimed, "is that it? Who's the fellow? Is he—all right, Ruth?"

"I—I don't know as I ought to tell you," she continued, "but I thought maybe I could sue him for breach of promise."

"What?" almost yelled the judge. "A daughter of Sam Marston suing a man for breach of promise? Never. My dear girl, where's your pride? The idea!"

She dropped her eyes and blushed more furiously than ever.

"Well, I thought—" she started, then breaking into tears, she cried, through clenched hands, "but, judge, I love him so! And I do want him. He's so fine, so noble. And maybe it's my fault. He—"

The judge, who was gazing at her sympathetically, felt a wave of paternal interest surge through him, as he reached forward again and patted her arm.

"Come, come," he soothed her. "Brace up and tell me all about it. Breach of promise suits never bring 'em back. Maybe there's another way. Tell me, who's the man? And what's the trouble?"

"It's John Summers," she answered brokenly, and the judge jumped again. "Not that young fellow that's practicing law over 't' way?" demanded the judge, incredulously. "What! Well, see here, he's a nice boy. Tell me the rest."

"Well," she continued, "he was going with me until papa died. Then he started to grow cold. He stopped coming to the house, except once in a while, and then he didn't come at all. And—and now he's going with the girl next to us. They moved here from the city six months ago, and he's boarding at her house. They're always together. What can I do?"

The judge bit an end off his plug of tobacco and settled back in his chair to think. Young John Summers! Why, he was one of the brightest and finest young men that practiced before him. Upright, honorable, always courteous to the court and considerate to

his clients—what few he had! There was something back of it. But what? For a few moments he shut his eyes, and it seemed to her that he had drowsed off again. The old clock on the wall ticked away the minutes and she was getting impatient—a bit angry—for it seemed as if her father's friend had deserted her in her hour of extremity, when his eyes opened and he brought his fist down on the desk heavily, jolting a few papers to the floor.

"See here," he told her, "you leave this to me. I'll tend to it."

"But, judge," she demurred, gently, "I—I have no right to trouble you—about that. You—"

"Never mind!" he interrupted, running his hand contentedly over his broad, bald pate. "Jes' leave it to me. Us old fellows don't have much fun these days. Nothin' new to interest us. This here business will give me something new to think about. Now, you jes' run along, and come back here—let's see—a week from today, that's it—a week from today."

And he settled back again in his chair and seemed to be drowsing. She started to speak, then checked herself, and, looking at him doubtfully, half lovingly, she tiptoed from the room and closed the door.

A clean-limbed young man, with a girl at his side, emerged from the Burns cottage, laughing merrily. They swung down the village street in step, he carrying a suitcase, and she a large box. On the opposite side, from behind the wide trunk of an oak, there stepped a gray-haired but vigorous old gentleman, and, staring after them, he shook his fist at their backs menacingly.

"Well, John Summers," grunted Judge Bates between his teeth, for it was he who had been watching the house opposite for nearly an hour. "So you're jittin' Ruth, eh?" He started to mutter something else, when a sudden resolution seized him and he swung across to the watched cottage and rang the bell.

"Judge Bates!" exclaimed Mrs. Burns in surprise, as she opened the door. "What brings you here?"

"I want to see young Summers," he answered, jumping at an excuse.

"Why, you just missed him," answered the woman; "he and Katherine just left. She's going back to the city for six weeks. He's taking her to the station. You see, Kit's going to marry John's brother. He works up in the city. Wanted her to come up and help pick out the furniture."

Judge Bates stood and gaped. She stared at him in amazement, and he caught her stare and brought himself back to earth with a bump.

"Can—I—er—would you," he stammered confusedly, "show me his room? I—I—er—I'd like to see how the young man is fixed."

"Why—no!" answered the surprised Mrs. Burns, taken aback at the unusual request. "This way, judge."

Judge Bates probed about John Summers' room, and several times paused and took various photos in his hand, then set them down without comment. Five minutes later he left the house, but a humorous twinkle had set in the corners of his keen old eyes and there was a grim set to his lips, as he ambled back toward the courthouse.

It was early morning, three days later, as Judge Bates sat across his desk from John Summers. For several seconds he had stared at the young man silently, then he broke into speech.

"You're a funny mixture, Summers," he was saying. "You're a whopping big fool, and a darn fine man. I kinda reckoned you was a bit proud. But th' fool part of it is—stoppin' speakin' to a girl jes' 'cause she's got money an' you haven't. Hang it, boy, haven't you got gumption enough to be lookin' forward? D'ye expect 't' be poor all your life? Y' got 't' counselship for 't' plow works over 't' Grandin. An' you're 't' lawyer for the two Smith old maids. You're gettin' on. What's the matter with you?"

"But I haven't as much as Ruth has, judge," stubbornly persisted the young lawyer. "And I don't want her for her money."

"Stop!" thundered the judge, bringing his fist down upon the desk. "Stop before I—before this court loses its temper. Now, see here, you proud young fool, God bless you. I'm trustee for Ruth's money and her two brothers and sister, besides. Now I'm getting too old for that job. It's about time it went to a younger man. The law allows 7 per cent commission on the estate. That, with what you've got now, will be as much as Ruth's got. D'ye see?"

"Yes, but—" John started to protest, but again the judge exploded.

"No buts," he snapped; "you're appointed trustee for the Marston estate—to take effect at once. It's—it's an order of this court. And what's more—you'll find Ruth over there in the next room. You've had your fill at looking 'round your room at her picture. Now, go get a good look!" And a second later a resounding smack from the next room acquainted Judge Bates with the fact that the order of court had been obeyed.

"Knockers," "Oh, well, her complexion is the real thing, at any rate."

"I don't care. Her smile is artificial."

"That's not so bad."

"Furthermore, she kisses all her woman friends effusively. That's a sure sign of a deceitful nature."

Just So.

"It might help a lot."

"Eh."

"If some of our bureau fighters would take their ferocity to the front,"

WHY RUSSIA WANTS REPUBLIC

Any Other Form of Government Would Present Many Difficulties, If Not Impossible.

A last point to which I wish to call attention is that from the first hour of the revolution the republican idea made extraordinary progress in the minds of all classes, writes "Captain X" in Scribner's. I live among Russians and could therefore watch its growth day by day. Men of letters and men of business, merchants, financiers, lawyers, professors—I saw them, one after another, come to the same way of thinking. For the first weeks it seemed impossible to many of a conservative turn of mind that there should be a Russian republic. They said:

"Our country is not ripe for one. Think of all the hard experiences which you French went through before the republic was really at home in France, and yet your people are highly developed, while ours are not." And so on. These same men have now come round, little by little, to the republican idea. One reason is that any other form of government would present many difficulties, if, indeed, it is not impossible. The Romanoff dynasty is discredited, to say the least; it is not conceivable that it should be reinstated, and there are no other available aspirants to the throne, even supposing that the nation wished to return to a monarchy.

Anyone who feels inclined to pronounce judgment upon the Russian revolution should bear this in mind; the old regime was so detestable that any new one, even if far from perfect, cannot be worse. From the military point of view, which is of course what is most interesting to Russia's allies, the former system, or want of it, had so disorganized the whole country that it was becoming more and more difficult to carry on the war. It is hard to see how now either the Russians or we of the allies can suffer by the change, because what has been thrown away was absolutely worthless. That should always be in our minds when we are inclined to criticize Russia, in order that we may keep our proper mental perspective and see things as they really are.

One evening at dinner Mrs. Jim showed plainly that something had happened. She said nothing to any of the guests and when they spoke to her she replied in monosyllables. Treusdall labored hard to keep a certain amount of life in the party, but was not successful.

After dinner Jim took me up to a little den he used to hide away in and told me what was the matter. His wife had lost a diamond as big as a hickory nut. It had been handed down to her from five generations and been turned over to her on her wedding day. She had taken it out of its receptacle to wear it that evening at a reception that was to occur at the White House and had left it on her bureau while giving some directions about the dinner.

He had no sooner told me this than I returned to me to make a detective of myself for the purpose of discovering the thief and to take Miss Sweet into the business with me. By interesting her in the case I hoped eventually to turn that interest from the gem to myself.

I asked Jim a good many questions, but only elicited the information that every servant in the house during his wife's absence from her room was downstairs and quite busy, most of them with the preparations for the dinner. The men guests were all in the billiard room. Two of the women guests were dressing in their rooms for dinner and after that the function at the White House. A third, a widow, Mrs. Jernegan, with a little daughter, five years old, had finished her toilet and was assisting her nurse to put the child to bed.

Mrs. Jernegan was my first choice for the thief. Women who are not dressed don't run about in another person's house, and Mrs. Jernegan was the only person on the floor at the time the stone was lost. I went to the White House reception with Miss Sweet and during the evening told her about the loss and began to excite her curiosity as to who could have been the thief.

"It would be a nice thing," I said, "if you and I, working together, could recover the stone and turn it back to the rightful owner."

"Indeed, it would," she said, "but how can we do that?"

"I don't know that we can, but we can try."

I confided to her that I suspected Mrs. Jernegan. She did not especially fancy the widow, but could hardly bring herself to feel that she had stolen the diamond. I told Miss Sweet that she, being a woman, could keep an eye on the suspect better than I, and she agreed to do so.

I had a little scheme up my sleeve to compel Mrs. Jernegan to show her colors if she were guilty. Of course that was not proving her guilty or getting back the stone, but it would serve for a clue. I invited a party, including Mrs. Jernegan, to visit the capitol. Miss Sweet was, of course, with us. After showing the party through the building I took them up into the dome. There is a whispering gallery in this dome in which a voice speaking on one side can be heard at the other. Leaving the widow on one side of the dome, I took Miss Sweet halfway round the semicircle, and, watching till Mrs. Jernegan was separated from the others, I suggested to Miss Sweet to put her mouth near the wall and whisper the words, "What did you do with it?"

She did so, and the effect was instantaneous and unmistakable. The widow staggered, turned pale and looked hurriedly about her. When she turned her eyes upon us we were looking down on to the marble floor far below.

My companion was delighted with the success of my device. She seemed to be struck with surprise and admiration at what she was pleased to call my ingenuity. I was more interested in Miss Sweet than in the thief. I disclaimed any great shrewdness—indeed, thus far I was simply lucky. But I must keep up the illusion. I must find some method of learning from the widow what she had done with the diamond.

And here I showed that instead of being an experienced detective I was a mere bungler. I permitted the widow

Judge Was Emphatic. In his volume of recollections Balfour Browne tells a story of Justice Martin, a bluff lawyer, who was noted for his "buls."

One of these is still remembered as probably the best example ever uttered by a judge in his official capacity.

He was sentencing a man who had been convicted of sheep-stealing, and after treating the unfortunate prisoner to a lengthy lecture on the enormity of his offense, he wound up as follows:

"My man, if you had been tried for this eighty years ago, you would have been hung tomorrow morning."

War Making New Words.

New activities are steadily producing new words, and, coined as they are, for the most part, under stress of circumstances, they make no pretense at preserving philological amenities. The latest, like so many others, comes from France. "This afternoon," writes an officer, in a letter from the front, "we motored over to the Tankodrome." As one writer very justly exclaims: "And only a year ago we had yet to learn what tanks were!"—Christian Science Monitor.

The Stolen Diamond

A Case of Double Detective Work.

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

One winter when congress was in session I was invited to the national capitol to spend a week with my friend Jim Treusdall in company with others, forming a very pleasant house party. Jim had not been long married, and I was a bachelor. I have always thought that his wife got up the affair especially for my benefit and that of Miss Mildred Sweet, Mrs. Jim desiring to make a match between us. If she did she had no trouble, so far as I was concerned, for I had not been acquainted with Miss Sweet ten minutes before I remarked to myself, "That's the girl I am looking for."

I have a theory that a good way to win a girl is to conjure up something in which you and she may have a mutual interest. Fortune favored me in this wise:

One evening at dinner Mrs. Jim showed plainly that something had happened. She said nothing to any of the guests and when they spoke to her she replied in monosyllables. Treusdall labored hard to keep a certain amount of life in the party, but was not successful.

After dinner Jim took me up to a little den he used to hide away in and told me what was the matter. His wife had lost a diamond as big as a hickory nut. It had been handed down to her from five generations and been turned over to her on her wedding day. She had taken it out of its receptacle to wear it that evening at a reception that was to occur at the White House and had left it on her bureau while giving some directions about the dinner.

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"Indeed, it would," she said, "but how can we do that?"

"I don't know that we can, but we can try."

I confided to her that I suspected Mrs. Jernegan. She did not especially fancy the widow, but could hardly bring herself to feel that she had stolen the diamond. I told Miss Sweet that she, being a woman, could keep an eye on the suspect better than I, and she agreed to do so.

I had a little scheme up my sleeve to compel Mrs. Jernegan to show her colors if she were guilty. Of course that was not proving her guilty or getting back the stone, but it would serve for a clue. I invited a party, including Mrs. Jernegan, to visit the capitol. Miss Sweet was, of course, with us. After showing the party through the building I took them up into the dome. There is a whispering gallery in this dome in which a voice speaking on one side can be heard at the other. Leaving the widow on one side of the dome, I took Miss Sweet halfway round the semicircle, and, watching till Mrs. Jernegan was separated from the others, I suggested to Miss Sweet to put her mouth near the wall and whisper the words, "What did you do with it?"

She did so, and the effect was instantaneous and unmistakable. The widow staggered, turned pale and looked hurriedly about her. When she turned her eyes upon us we were looking down on to the marble floor far below.

My companion was delighted with the success of my device. She seemed to be struck with surprise and admiration at what she was pleased to call my ingenuity. I was more interested in Miss Sweet than in the thief. I disclaimed any great shrewdness—indeed, thus far I was simply lucky. But I must keep up the illusion. I must find some method of learning from the widow what she had done with the diamond.

And here I showed that instead of being an experienced detective I was a mere bungler. I permitted the widow

to discover by keeping a watch over her that I suspected her. I knew that she was aware that I did suspect her, for she showed me plainly that she feared me. Doubtless she would have taken or sent away the diamond if she had it, but Treusdall, at my suggestion, did not permit any one to leave the place without being searched, the guests volunteering to submit to the ordeal if they were obliged to leave before the gem was found.

I held long deliberations with Miss Sweet, who was now profoundly interested in the case. These deliberations, besides giving us something in common, enabled me to be a good deal with her. I hoped, if I made any further progress, to lead my assistant to think that it was her ingenuity or perceptive faculty that was doing the work and not mine.

"I have made a discovery," said Miss Sweet to me one day, with great glee.

"You don't mean it!" I replied. "Have you found where the gem is concealed?"

"No. I have discovered that Mrs. Jernegan's nursemaid shares her secret with her."

"How so?"

"They know that we are watching them. Whenever the nurse sees me looking at her she quails."

"It's two against two, isn't it?"

"Yes, and we'll beat them yet."

"No doubt of it."

"Have you anything to suggest?"

"Well, no; not just now."

We saw the nurse go out with her charge and knew that every afternoon she took the child to a little park in the neighborhood. Treusdall should not have permitted this, but he said that it wouldn't do to keep the little girl in the house. I proposed to Miss Sweet that we walk out, follow the nurse to the park and see if we could learn anything. She consented, and, getting her hat and wraps, we sallied forth.

We soon saw the nurse walking slowly, the child trotting alone, either beside or behind her, carrying a toy balloon. We measured our pace to suit theirs, and they entered the park without knowing that we were near them. A moment later the nurse turned and, suddenly seeing us, gave an involuntary start.

"The plot thickens," I remarked to my companion. "I'll bet that this nurse, being permitted to leave the house, will get rid of the diamond."

"Suppose she has it with her now?" said Miss Sweet.

"It's possible."

"I have never seen her so agitated as when she turned and saw us behind her."

"You're on the track. You made the discovery that she was in league with her mistress. Suppose we let her see by our acts and the expressions of our faces that we are watching her. It may drive her into doing something that will expose her."

By this time the nurse had taken a seat on a bench, while the child played about with her balloon. On several occasions she let go the string, the balloon rose, and the nurse caught it only in time to save it. We walked by the woman and as we did so stared at her ominously. She trembled like a leaf. We walked on a short distance and turned. The child's balloon had escaped and was caught in the branches of a tree overhanging the seat where the nurse sat. The child was crying for her toy, and the nurse was trying to quiet her.

"I'll buy you another, dearie," she said. "That one has gone where one can't get it."

The nurse spoke the truth. Only a long ladder would enable any one to reach the toy. It had lodged some thirty feet from the ground. As I walked past the tree I looked up at it, noticed that the string attached to it hung straight. I suggested nothing at first, but presently I asked my companion:

"Do you notice how straight that string hangs? Is it caught on a branch, and does the balloon keep it taut?"

"No; the balloon is against a bough. But there is something—very small—to the end of the string."

"So there is."

I glanced at the nurse, who knew we were talking about the balloon, and saw she was holding her breath from suspense. I called some boys who were playing near and offered any of them a quarter who would climb the tree and bring down the balloon. One of the boys took my offer, and in a few minutes I was in possession of the toy. At the end of the string was a bit of tissue paper. In the paper was the diamond.

I looked around for the nurse. She had vanished.

The delight both of myself and Miss Sweet may be imagined. We started to the house with the little girl. Far down the street we saw the nurse running ahead of us. It did not occur to us what she was going to the house for till we got there, when we discovered that she had warned her mistress and gone on. Before saying a word to any one I took the stone to Treusdall, and we had a long consultation. We had no proof against the widow, and since she was a connection of Jim's he decided to tell her that her maid had stolen the diamond and not intimate to her that she herself was supposed to have been an accomplice. This would avoid any unpleasantness.

When the matter was given out to the guests I told them all that the find was entirely due to Miss Sweet's ingenuity and foresight. She was the lioness of the party from that moment till we broke up and generally became convinced that she had done it all herself.

That gave me a good start, and in time I won—not a stone, but a woman.

CATERPILLARS CAUSE RASH

Several Cases of Blood Poisoning Reported at Emergency Hospital of Salt Lake City.

No less than four cases of blood poisoning and body rash caused by a virulent variety of caterpillar have been reported to the emergency hospital, says the Salt Lake Tribune. Mrs. Dean R. Daynes of 876 South West Temple street, appeared to the city officials for advice in regard to a rash that had broken out on her baby's back. Mrs. Daynes said she had found an ordinary looking yellow caterpillar in her baby's clothing and discovered the rash later. She was advised to call in a physician immediately.

"Caterpillars are the larvae of a lepidopterous insect, not necessarily a butterfly, in the first stage of metamorphosis," according to Webster. The larvae of such insects as the geometrid moth or the hawk moth are smooth and are not poisonous. The large yellow haired ones have a pencil of hairs that look like horns and a fascicle of hairs that resembles a tail. It is the sting from these hairs that poisons, as it is almost impossible for the insect to bite.

No case of a caterpillar sting has proved fatal, so far as the officials of the Salt Lake hospitals know. Mothers were advised to keep their very young children off lawns and from beneath trees, unless some one was in attendance to watch them.

George Williams, thirty-eight years old, of 537 South West Temple, also of Salt Lake, was bitten on the thigh by a caterpillar while in bed. Within an hour the poison had spread through his entire system and a rash had broken out on his arms and back. He was treated at the emergency hospital, bringing the caterpillar with him.

WRITES HIMSELF TO DEATH

Anagram Writing From Shakespeare's Works Takes Vitality of Noted British Author.

The death of Capt. Basil Willett Charles Hood, the British author, was brought about by his excessive attempts at anagram writing from Shakespeare's works, according to testimony at the inquest in London. He was fifty-three years old and a former officer of the Prince of Wales' West Yorkshire regiment.

The coroner, according to the London Times, said it was evident what caused death. Captain Hood was engaged in a laborious undertaking, constructing writing out of the cryptograms which he alleged that he found in Shakespeare.

"There are reams of writing here," said the coroner. "Every single letter is written most carefully, and it must take months to file all this stuff about secret writing and various messages which he purported to have found concealed by means of cryptograms in Hamlet and other plays. It seems to me that he has been working very late at night and all day at this rubbish—it cannot be called anything else—and has been exhausting himself and wearing out his nervous system by going without a proper amount of nourishment because he thought his brain more active on an empty stomach. All the time he was using his strength in this way he was exhausting his strength."

Soldiers' Chance of Life.

If you, a drafted man, believe that statistics tell the truth, you will feel as safe in France as you usually do in the streets of New York. So says Roger W. Babson, the eminent statistician, according to Popular Science Monthly. Furthermore, he says that the man who is connected with the heavy field artillery is no more likely to be killed than one in the employ of a railroad. However, he does not hold out such high hopes for the lieutenants, sergeants and corporals, the death rate being very much greater among officers than among privates. Also, the mortality is higher among volunteer corps than among drafted men. Sixty men per thousand are now being killed in the war, and about 150 men out of each thousand are wounded.

One Year to Travel 25 Miles.

Rudolph Manderson, chief of the Southern party of Stefenson arctic expedition, has received a letter from Rev. H. Girling, Emanuel, Saskatoon, who for the last three years has been trying to reach the so-called blond Eskimos. The little boat in which three missionaries comprising the party were traveling was blown up by an explosion last spring, and they lost the greater part of their supplies. In a year's time the party had succeeded in traveling only 25 miles along the coast, so great were the difficulties experienced.

Should Keep Time With Feet.

The wrist watch has been made popular by the boys in khaki. It is much more convenient they find to turn up their sleeve and note the time than it is to dig in their jeans to discover it. But, according to a factious member of the camp at Fort Belknap Park, it looks as if the cherished fad will be sent to the discard. "The old man," meaning, of course, the colonel, he said, "is very much up in the air about wrist watches. What he wants mostly is for rookies to keep time with their feet."

Yum, Yum.

"George!"

"Yes, dear?"

"They say there is danger of a sugar shortage."

"What do I care as long as I have you, sweetness?"

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., Oct. 25, 1917.
 CHARLES E. DORWORTH, - Ed. & Pub.
 Subscription rate \$1.50 a year strictly in Advance.
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SHOULD HAVE TEST CASE.

The Legislature never intended that Centre County should be saddled with costs resulting from the recapture and return to Pittsburgh of escaped convicts from Rockview. A law was passed to remedy the defect when the point in question was first raised. It will be recalled that this was done after a prisoner actually escaped from Rockview, was recaptured and acquitted by a jury chiefly because the jurors believed it unjust to burden Centre County with the cost of returning him to Pittsburgh. The verdict was really serving of notice on the State that it would have to pay such costs. State officials did try to do their part and a law was passed directing that the costs be paid by counties from which escaped convicts were originally sentenced. The trouble is that virtually all such counties have refused to comply with the law. For Centre County to sue to recover costs already paid out means jury trials in the several counties, and it is only to be expected that these juries will not be in sympathy with any suggestion that their respective counties pay the bill. The position taken by various counties is that their responsibility ends when they deliver a prisoner to the State prison authorities. It may be that the State should be held responsible for such costs. At least, they should not fall upon Centre County. At the same time, as Judge Quigley has pointed out, it would seem to be up to Centre County to handle the matter until a decision may be secured from the higher courts. Regardless of how it works out, the matter should not continue in its present uncertain and indefinite course. There should be a test case and it should be disposed of at the earliest possible time.

Announces Her Engagement.

Saturday afternoon Miss Sarah Fulton Hastings, of Bellefonte, entertained informally at tea a number of her lady friends in honor of her guest, Miss Emily Bailey, of Harrisburg, who had been visiting at the Hastings residence. During the festivities Miss Hastings announced her own engagement to Captain Samuel Fleming, Jr., of Harrisburg, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Fleming, of the Capitol City. He is a member of the firm of Gannett, Seelye & Fleming, consulting engineers and is at present stationed at Camp Meade, Md., as Captain of the 315 Infantry and regimental adjutant. He is a graduate of Princeton and afterward took a special engineering course at Lehigh University. The bride-to-be is a general favorite in society and is the youngest daughter of the late Governor of Pennsylvania, and Mrs. Daniel Hartman Hastings, of Bellefonte. She completed her education at Miss Dow's school, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y., by a year's study in Paris. She is gifted in many ways and particularly interested in book binding of which she gave a special study. The guests on this occasion included Miss Emily Bailey, Miss Elizabeth Morris, Mrs. Charles Morris, Miss Mary Blanchard, Mrs. John Cortin, Mrs. George R. Meek, Mrs. Howard Yerger, Miss Katherine Curtin, Miss Mary Linn, Miss Rebecca Valentine, Mrs. W. F. Reeder and Mrs. W. K. McKinney.

Go to the Garman Theatre To-night.

If there is a prettier, sprightlier chorus traveling the length and breadth of the land than the winsome girls who are proud to register under the banner of the Leffler & Bratton musical success, "The Newlyweds Grown-Up Baby" it would be worth your while to see them. That famous cartoon infant, Snookums, has now grown up and his antics form one of the most amusing comedies with music ever brought to the American stage. "The Newlyweds Grown-Up Baby" comes to the Garman opera house to-night (Thursday). Prices children, 25 cents. Adults, 35, 50, 75 cents and \$1.

"Cheating Cheaters."

"Cheating Cheaters" which ran an entire year at the Eltinge Theatre, New York, last season, will be presented at Garman's opera house Monday night, October 29th. This will be the first performance of the play in Bellefonte. "Cheating Cheaters" is a farce melodrama in four acts. It deals with two ingenious and original sets of crooks who try to get the better of each other in a fashion new to the usages of the underworld. Prices 25, 50, 75 cents and \$1.00 and \$1.50.

Read "The Republican." \$1.50 a year.

CAN CHINA BE INDEPENDENT?

Entrance into Great World War is Viewed From Different Angles by Editors.

Much division of opinion exists in Japan regarding China's declaration of war against Germany. Says the East and West News. Japan took the final step for two reasons: First, the Anglo-Japanese alliance, and second, a deep-founded belief in the necessity for solidarity of the far eastern powers. The Osaka Asahi is strongly opposed to China's participation in the world's war. It says: "China decided to take the step, on the arrival of Vice-President Feng Kuo-chang at Peking. Nothing could be more regrettable than for an independent nation to be forced by others to do anything it doesn't want to do. The national existence of any nation that yields to coercion or undue persuasion is imperiled! Some people regarded Japan's declaration of war against Germany merely from the viewpoint of the alliance with England, but we favored Japan's dominance in this part of the Pacific."

The editor of the Asahi wants to know what Feng Kuo-chang meant when he favored a declaration of war by China against Germany, but objected strenuously to joining the entente powers. "Does he mean that, like the United States, China's declaration of war shall be a separate act?" asks the Asahi. "The grave fact is that her present course was forced upon her. Whether she joins the entente or not matters little for the present. The serious question is, can China be independent from now on?"

"GESUNDHEIT" — THEN WOE

Citizen of German Origin, Patriotic to Last Ditch, Makes a Disastrous Blunder.

This little story, which appears to be an orphan, is now going around: "I'm going to the patriotic meeting this evening," said the citizen of German origin.

"No," said the wife, "you mustn't go. You'll get into trouble, sure."

But he went, despite her remonstrance. Just before midnight, on the last street car, he stumbled into his domicile. The good wife was sitting up for him.

When he appeared his eyes were black and blue, his face was scratched and puffed, his collar had been torn from his shirt and he looked as though he had been rolled in the dirt.

"Ah," said the wife, "I told you not to go to that meeting, that something would happen to you."

"It was not at the meeting," explained the husband. "The meeting was all right. There were three speeches, and, like everybody else, I applauded everyone of them. The band played the 'Star-Spangled Banner.' Everybody stood up. So did I. It was after the meeting. I was coming home on the street car. The car was crowded. Then a woman on the car sneezed and I said 'Gesundheit!' Then everything happened."

Five Great Men in History.

In the generation that saw the birth and the earlier years of the republic five men stand out—George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton and John Marshall, says James Bryce in the Youth's Companion. Whether or not the last four of them were great men in the full sense of the word is a question on which people were not agreed in the lifetime of those four and are not agreed today; but everyone felt then as everyone feels now that Washington was great. He is a world figure. In mere intellectual power he was not superior to the other four. He had less originality and a less wide range of capacity than Franklin, less versatile activity of mind than Jefferson, less brilliant gifts for constructive policy and the exposition thereof than Hamilton, less logical grasp and penetration of thought than Marshall; but he rose superior to them all in a certain massive strength of character, in stately dignity, in a calm firmness of purpose that neither the smiles nor the frowns of fortune could divert from the course his judgment had approved. So his primacy was undisputed then and has remained undisputed ever since.

Japan is Exporting Pulp.

Japanese imports of pulp have encountered obstacles, but, according to the Japan Chronicle, it is believed that the stocks held by paper manufacturers generally are sufficient to last until the end of this year, while the domestic manufacture of pulp, stimulated by import difficulties, has appreciably developed. As a result, efforts are now being made by some merchants to export home-made pulp.

The Chronicle states that this is not to be the disadvantage of those paper manufacturers who are suffering from the scarcity of imported pulp, for what they essentially want it not yet producible in this country. It finds that there is no excessive domestic pulp that is exported.

Our Army of Civil War.

During the first year of the Civil war the number of the regular army rose to 32,000. Lincoln's first call for volunteers, April 15, 1861, was for 75,000 men for three months. At the beginning of 1862 the number of volunteers in the field was about 550,000. During the next three years it was about 900,000. At the close of the war the Union army numbered 1,000,000 men. The total number of troops furnished was 2,850,000 men.

COOLNESS OF LOUIS BOTHA.

His Nerve in Dealing With a Savage Zulu Chieftain.

A story of the cool daring of General Louis Botha, whose name is so intimately associated with dramatic episodes in the history of South Africa, appears in his biography written by Harold Spender. It happened one winter when young Botha had taken sheep for pasturage across the Drakensberg mountains and down to the warmer coast lands, which were still in the grip of the Zulus.

One tranquil day a young native rushed into Botha's camp. He breathlessly warned the young Boer to fly and save his life. Mapelo was "out." The most bloodthirsty of all the ruffianly gangs that were then ravaging Zululand was the well mounted and well armed gang of Mapelo. Only an hour or two before, said the native, he had cut the throat of a missionary at the old mission station, about six miles from Botha's camp. The native himself had just left the body of the unhappy man lying still and warm on his own dining room table.

Botha had little time to make up his mind, but one thing was clear—he could not desert his sheep. Most of them belonged to his brothers. So he began to prepare to face the raider. Looking at his bandoleer, he found to his dismay that he had only one cartridge left. Scarcely had he discovered the fact when a troop of Zulu horsemen appeared about a quarter of a mile away over a rise of ground in extended order and charged toward the wagon, waving their rifles over their heads and shouting like demons possessed.

Louis Botha rose and very deliberately mounted the box seat of his wagon. He laid his rifle in a conspicuous place next him. Then he proceeded, with an outward calm very foreign to his own inner feelings, to light a match and apply it slowly to his pipe.

Throwing away the match and looking up, he found that the native horsemen had drawn rein in a cloud of dust within a few yards of the front of the wagon.

A few seconds of dead silence followed, the natives glancing at Botha and Botha eying them with a steady gaze of surprise. Then Mapelo advanced and said that his men were very hungry and wanted something to eat. Botha gravely demurred at this stormy way of approach and coolly bargained with the invader of his peace. At last he agreed to give them one sheep on the strict condition that they should withdraw some distance from his camp and not disturb him again. The condition was accepted, and so ended an incident that Botha has always described as one of the most disturbing in his whole life.

One Inning, Six Hits, No Runs. Can six hits be made in a half inning without the side making the hits scoring a run?

This question was put to the Chicago News, whose expert says "Yes" and explains:

The first man up triples and is thrown out at the plate. The second man triples and is also nailed at the home plate. The third, fourth and fifth batsmen single, filling the sacks. The sixth man drives the ball between second and third, and the leather hits the runner coming from second. The man hit is out, retiring the side, and the man who hit him gets a base rap. This makes six consecutive safe raps without one run being scored.

We Label Everything as Pure.

The word pure is a curious example of the striving of people after perfection. We have pure olive oil, pure candy and pure reading matter. Everything that we know is likely to be adulterated we take pains to label "pure." We never call pure the things we know to be pure, but only those things about which there is an element of doubt. Only in one particular do we vary from this rule. If some kind friend tells us the truth about ourselves we are very likely to refer to that as pure nonsense.—Woman's Home Companion.

Long Distance Lecturing.

A pretentious person said to the Burgess of a country village: "How would a lecture by me on Mount Vesuvius suit the inhabitants of your village?" "Very well, sir; very well indeed," answered the Burgess. "A lecture by you on Mount Vesuvius would suit them a great deal better than a lecture by you in this village, sir."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Save Some Money.

Every one should try to live within his income and also to put away a little of his salary for use on a stormy day. Don't watch the other fellow and learn how much he is spending; watch yourself and ascertain where you can benefit. It is time enough to increase your living expenses when your salary is advanced, when it is a nice time to add to your bank account.

Good Advice.

"The man I marry," she said, "must think I am the only girl in the world." "Don't worry about that," her married friend replied. "He will think it, all right. Just put in your time trying to find out how to make him keep on thinking it."—Chicago Herald.

Getting Through the Shell.

"A man may have a rough exterior, but a kindly heart." "Yes," commented Senator Sorghum, "but that kind of man is usually like an oyster. He has to be handled very rough to get any good out of him."—Washington Star.

Debt is the prolific mother of folly and crime.—Beaconsfield.

WOULD SEE HIM AS A CHILD

Mother's Choice of Five Minutes Which She Might Pass With Her Dead Soldier Son.

A mother lost her soldier son. The news came to her in dispatches from the war. He had fallen fighting nobly at the head of his regiment.

She was inconsolable. "Oh, that I might see him again!" she prayed. "If only for five minutes—but to see him!"

An angel answered her prayer. "For five minutes," the angel said.

"Quick, quick," said the mother, her tears turned to momentary joy.

"Yes," said the angel, "but think a little. He was a grown man. There are 30 years to choose from. How would you see him?"

The mother paused and wondered. "Would you see him," said the angel, "as a soldier dying heroically at his post? Would you see him as he left you to join the transport?"

"Would you see him as you first saw him in his uniform? Would you see him again as on that day at school when he stepped to the platform to receive the highest honors a boy could have?"

"How did you know?" the mother asked, her eyes lighting.

The angel smiled. "Would you see him as a baby at your breast? Would you?"

"No," said the mother. "I would have him for five minutes as he was one day when he ran in from the garden to ask my forgiveness for being naughty. He was so small and so unhappy, and he was very hot, and the tears were making streaks down his face through the garden dirt. And he flew into my arms with such force that he hurt me."—G. V. Lucas, in Lucas' Annual.

Modern Artillery.

"Drum fire" and "curtain fire" are expressions that have come into use in artillery practice during the present European war. "Drum fire" is the firing of artillery at stated intervals, the resultant noise being described as like the steady hammering of a great drum. When the desired effect of reducing the point of attack has been accomplished the guns are elevated to a higher point and are fired continuously, making a "curtain of fire" to prevent reinforcements reaching the point of attack from the rear and at the same time allowing the infantry to attack under protection of the guns.

A commonwealth ought to be immortal and forever renew its youth.—Cicero.

Read "The Republican." \$1.50 a year in advance.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, Lucas County

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

ADDITIONAL LOCALS

Mrs. L. H. Lettzel, of State College, will deliver the Woman's Day Address at the United Brethren church next Sunday, October 28th, at 7.30 p. m.

St. John's Church (Episcopal). Services for Sunday, Oct. 24, the Twenty-first after Trinity, feast of SS. Simon and Jude, and the day of prayer appointed by the President of the United States for the success of our arms: 8. m. Holy Eucharist; offered to God for His divine aid to the forces of the United States. 5.45 a. m. Mattins (plain). 10 a. m. Church School. 11 a. m. The Litany with special wartime intercessions, a patriotic service with special patriotic hymns. Sermon, "God's Blessing on Our Arms". 7.30 p. m. Evensong, and address, "Foundations in Church and Nation". Thursday, Nov. 1, All Saints' Day, Holy Eucharist, 7.30 a. m. and 10 a. m. Friday, 7.30 p. m. Services, and instruction, "All Souls". Visitors welcome. Rev. M. DeP. Maynard, rector.

Jolted From Caboose.

Thomas F. Kennedy, flagman on the Bald Eagle Valley branch, met with an unfortunate accident Saturday evening as his train was bound for Tyrone. At Snow Shoe intersection a sudden start of the train jolted him from the cabin and he fell heavily at the side of the tracks, suffering the fracture of two ribs and painful bruises about the head and hip. Mr. Kennedy was able to go to his home at Tyrone, on his train, but he will be confined there for some time while his injuries are mending.

Farmers' Week at College.

The Pennsylvania State College school of agriculture and experiment station calls attention to its annual Farmer's Week which this year will cover a period of four days from Wednesday, December 26th to Saturday, December 29th inclusive.

Victrolas Repaired.

Bryan & Rosenhoover, in room above entrance to Garman Opera House, formerly occupied by J. M. Keichline. Repair shop for victrolas and all kinds of talking machines, locks, guns and small machinery. New and second-hand talking machines.

Pity 'Tis, 'Tis True.

It was after morning prayers in the home where the Woman Who Saw was making a week-end visit that the little daughter of the house slipped her head confidently into that of the Woman Who Saw as they strolled out into the lawn.

"I'm so glad the prayer is so long every morning," said the child.

"Do you listen attentively?" queried the Woman Who Saw, with some surprise.

"Oh, no," said the child. "I never listen. I practice spitting through the holes in the cane bottom chairs."—New York Evening Sun.

To Shingle Users.

We have succeeded in securing several car loads of the famous Pacific Coast Red Cedar shingles. Send in your orders while they last.

P. B. CRIDER & SON,

Bellefonte.



PARKER'S HAIR BALM

A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

Beggars on Wheels.

I see a million autos scoot before my dwelling daily; the engines hum, the honk-horns toot, the wheels are spinning gayly. I recognize a lot of jays who thus go whizzing past me, and say, "it beats me how they raise the where-withal, dodgast me!" For there goes Boggs, who doesn't pay the butcher and the baker, who's standing, off from day to day, the patient undertaker. And there goes Skaggs; I saw him stick a mortgage on his shanty; he couldn't get a prune on tick 'twixt here and Vysanti. And there goes Swiggs; he's borrowed mon from every friend and neighbor; he's so enamored of his fan, he's cut out useful labor, I see the long procession go, the tireless autos flitting, and wonder, as I watch them flow, what poor-houses they'll be hitting. An auto takes a goodly board; some traps its always wanting; not one in twenty can afford to keep a motor jaunting. But every one now has his car, no man's so badly basted that he can't afford junket near and far, past creditors disgusted.

Most disfiguring skin eruptions, scrofula, pimples, rashes, etc., are due to impure blood. Bardock Blood Bitters as a cleansing blood tonic, is well recommended. \$1.00 at all stores.

Market Quotations.

(Corrected by Weaver Bro. Grocers)
 Butter..... 40
 Eggs..... 42

GRAIN MARKET

(Corrected by Gamble & Gheen)
 Wheat.....\$2.00
 Corn..... 1.50
 Oats..... 80
 Rye..... 1.20

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Both Phones

Old Sandy Helps Cause

By Osborn Jones

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It was not until Randolph Yardley had definitely made up his mind to propose to Henriette that he secretly entertained the wish that Henriette was the kind of suffragist that felt it to be woman's privilege to do the proposing as well as the voting. Henriette was a suffragist, of course, but she wasn't that particular kind of suffragist. Randolph had heard her say so. After she had managed to bring the conversation up to the delicate question of proposing Randolph might easily have done the rest. But Randolph didn't realize how easy this would have been till he was alone the evening after the discussion.

The Saturday afternoon after he had definitely decided to propose he unfortunately did not find Henriette alone. His rival in her attention was the old man-of-all-work, Saunders, known more familiarly as Sandy—though any reference that that name might once have borne to his hair and complexion had ceased to be apparent for Sandy was toothless and his sparse hair was white—surely not a very formidable rival. But any third person is a rival when a man wants to propose, and when Randolph entered her bungalow living room Henriette was kneeling on the floor before a packing case with Sandy at the opposite end.

"So sorry, Randolph," she said with a smile so preoccupied that it was worse than no smile at all; "you'll just have to excuse me while I go on with this case. They're things for the suffrage bazaar. It's to be in a week and I've had to take the chairmanship the last time."

During all the call that afternoon Randolph never once found a turn in the road from which he might have directed his own remarks toward a proposal. The case was soon packed and Sandy shuffled away with it, but Henriette's thoughts were still engrossed with the bazaar. And imagine suddenly skipping from remarks on the fish pond at a suffrage bazaar or fancy tables and lemonade booths to proposals!

Perhaps it was not to be wondered, then, that when Henriette suddenly asked Randolph to promise to "do a certain favor" and to promise before she had told him what it was, he held up his large masculine hand and swore rather foolishly to "do anything in God's world that she wanted him to." What she wanted him to do was to get Mr. Tilden to let the suffragists borrow what was known as the "Tilden mansion," then uncoupled, for their bazaar.

"I'll do what I can, Henriette," Randolph said solemnly, "but it may be very embarrassing for me and for him. You see, he is a client of mine"—Randolph had not been practicing law so long that he did not use this phrasing with some degree of self-satisfaction—"and there is a lawsuit now going on over that house. You see, a year ago, after the Tildens had been out of the house for a year, it was leased by Mr. Hamberger, the brewer. Loads of money, you know, and could perfectly well have paid the rent even though he did decide not to live in the house. Now Tilden is suing Hamberger for the rent and Hamberger makes the claim that the house could never be heated. We tried to settle it out of court, but we couldn't. You wouldn't understand the technicalities, so I shan't bore you with them. But the case is coming up and I'm particularly anxious not to lose out."

Randolph lowered his voice and discussed the case in a way that was not entirely professional. "The fact seems to be that the heating system of the house was all wrong, and you see how it would injure me and Tilden if some 500 or 600 of the most prominent women in town were to go there on a nice cool day, as it is quite likely to be in a week's time, and find out what a barn-like place it is. So, you see, you will be working against my interests if you urge it. Still, I have promised."

"But suppose all those 500 people went there and roasted almost to death? Suppose the temperature there went up to 80 or 90 and all the windows had to be opened—would that help your case?"

Randolph's eyes showed keen interest and for one fleeting moment he forgot that his sole interest in life for the time being was to propose to Henriette. "Why, certainly, that would win the case for me. But—"

"I don't suppose you have taken a good look at the furnace, or that Mr. Tilden has, either," Henriette scolded.

"I can say that we have, little girl," Randolph had never used those words before in addressing Henriette, or any not altogether easy. "You see, we lawyers don't go about things in just that way."

Henriette snorted an expostulation that indicated contempt for lawyers in general, and Randolph's mind went back to the main consideration.

"If you're not busy tonight, let's go investigate that Tilden mansion. If you start right away you can get the keys from Mr. Tilden and be back by seven."

Randolph had risen from his chair, almost eager to be gone, since it was the prerequisite of a solitary ramble

through the old house with Henriette. Surely if he could not manage a proposal under such favorable circumstances he never would be able to do so.

He was just at the door, willing, with the bright prospects for the evening vividly before him, to depart with scarcely a word of farewell.

"I'll get Sandy to go along with us," came Henriette's cheerful contralto. "He knows more about furnaces and things than any man we ever had—and you might buy some candles on your way, for the light will be all turned off, I suppose."

Randolph's roscate dreams had faded away. Even an empty house didn't offer favorable background if the ubiquitous Sandy were to be the third party still.

The trip was taken to the Tilden mansion that night in Henriette's little roadster, with Henriette at the wheel. Randolph at her side and the weazened Sandy sitting at Randolph's feet with his own rough-shod feet protruding to the running board, and in the same guise they returned. The hour spent at the mansion was one in which Sandy was master of ceremonies and Randolph found himself chiefly useful in holding lighted candles for the old man or holding his light but agile body to peer at pipes and drafts in the rusty, dust-covered heating system that rambled over a good share of the cellar of the old house.

The pipes that conveyed the hot air from the furnace to the upper regions of the house were rusty, but not so much so that drafts in the three main channels for the hot air could not be opened when Sandy applied the sturdy muscles of his thumb and forefinger to that task.

"Now she'll work," Sandy had remarked by way of announcing his triumph. "If you'll order a couple of tons of chestnut coal and a bit of kindlin' I think I can have enough heat in the old place to make your ice cream sell like hot cakes in February."

The day came, and the ice cream did sell like hot cakes, and even after the lemonade had been so diluted that it was almost innocent of any intimacy with the citrus fruit for which it was named, it sold in such abundance that the proceeds of that table were five times what one would have expected from lemonade. Windows were opened and those who came to buy made faps of sheets of paper they could find. It was a sharp, cold day for autumn and so there was no very great irritation in the voices of complaint that were raised against the excessive heat. At any rate every one who attended the bazaar was strongly impressed with the fact that the Tilden house was endowed with a phenomenal heating apparatus, and scarce a person in town failed to hear something about the excessive heat that had prevailed in the old mansion during the two days and two nights of the suffrage bazaar.

A few days after the bazaar Henriette Beauchamp announced her engagement to Randolph Yardley, and those who knew Henriette as well as those who knew her only for the reputation she bore as an up-and-coming young suffragist explained the fact that the engagement occurred just when it did in this wise:

Henriette had set her cap for Randolph; yes, that is just what she said, and no doubt Randolph had taken a fancy to Henriette, but Randolph was not the kind of young man who would ask a girl to marry him unless he had some idea of how he was going to support her. Henriette knew this, and if the truth must be told, Henriette had the making of the better lawyer of the two. She knew that Mr. Tilden had put a little work in the young lawyer's way, and she knew about that case against the brewer, Hamberger. So she worked out the whole scheme, planned the suffrage bazaar and everything and got that man Sandy to make the fire that could prove the house could be heated. And, of course, Hamberger's lawyer saw there was no use continuing the suit, and the affair was settled at once. No one cared, for no one had any great love for the brewer. The result was that Tilden gave the young lawyer a fee amounting to half the year's rent that he had recovered, and for that mansion the rent was enormous. More than that, Tilden put all his legal work into the hands of the young lawyer. His future was assured and—well, after that, how could Mr. Yardley do otherwise than he did?

Should Be Enough. An exchange prints the following list of words ending in "ough," and adds the pronunciation of the more obscure words, as far as ascertainable from the dictionaries: Messrs. Goff (goff), Hough (Huff) and Clough (cluff), though tough enough, thought through the day that they would visit Mr. Brough (broo), who, having hiccough (hiccup) and a cough, lived in a clough, (cluff or clon), with plenty of dough, and a tame chough (chuff), kept near to a plough in a rough trough, hung to a bough over a lough (loch). A slough (sluff) of the bank into the slough (sloog) injured his thoroughbred's hough (hock).

Many Barred Zones. Naturally, war efforts at protection should be kept a secret, but it is necessary to give peaceful traffic an idea of their whereabouts in order to avoid accident. The double purpose is accomplished by declaring barred zones of considerable extent. Everyone knows that somewhere in these zones the deadly explosives are hidden and traffic is limited to certain hours. Thus, for example, the approach to the capital by way of the Potomac is defended by a barred zone which includes the government proving grounds, where the big guns are tested.

FUNSTON AS STRIKE BREAKER

Used Rifle as Persuader to Induce Indian Packers to Proceed on Journey.

In 1893 Frederick Funston set out for Alaska on a commission to collect botanical specimens. Today the trail over Chilkoot pass is familiar, but at that time it was known only to Indian guides and a few daring miners who had followed its devious ways. Funston with two companions went up the pass and over to the Yukon, says the Youth's Companion. One incident of the trip he describes in his own picturesque language as follows:

"The Indians carried the loads while we dragged the empty sleds. The snow fell incessantly for five days, and it lay along our route from 5 to 50 feet deep. Day after day we wallowed and struggled on as we worked our way gradually upward to the summit of the range. One cheerful little diversion occurred on the second day. The low browed chief packer who seemed to have charge of the other Indians threw his load into the snow and announced that unless their pay was materially increased he and the other packers would get themselves back to the village, and thus leave us in a pretty pickle.

"My temper had been at white heat all day, and without thinking what might be the consequence of such a move, I shoved the muzzle of a cocked rifle into the face of the advisory committee of that strike, and the way the Most Serene Grand Master of the Amalgamated Order of Chilkoot Salmon Bitters reshowered his sack of beans and tugged along through the broad expanse of the beautiful snow shows that it is sometimes a good thing for every well-regulated family to have a gun in the house."

BIG PHILIPPINE SUGAR CROP

Modern Machinery, Supplanting Hand Labor, Results in Planting of Immense Acreage.

The Philippines are like most of the sugar cane growing regions in that the available labor supply is comparatively limited. To overcome this, the tractor and modern power machinery is being introduced. As this does not pay on the small plantations, the custom is for one organization to operate several hundred or thousand acres, and a well-organized system is involved throughout the year. Labor-saving devices are employed wherever possible.

The first process in harvesting sugar cane is stripping the leaves from the stalks, an operation requiring much time and labor, as this must be done by hand. A cane knife or bolo is used by the native laborer, who passes the knife down each side of the cane, knocking off and throwing them into the middle of the row, where other laborers pick them up and load them to be hauled to the mill.

Sugar cane milling under modern methods may be divided into four essential processes, namely, the extraction of the juice from the cane, the clarification of the juice by boiling, the evaporation of the juice so as to reduce the sugar to the crystalline form, and the freeing of the sugar from impurities. The most modern machinery for all operations is fast being installed throughout the Philippine islands, and American consumers may look forward to securing the bulk of their sugar from these distant dots on the Pacific, which owe their development to American capital and American leadership.

Big Saving of Meat.

"The soldiers at Fort Harrison are going to do some feeding," said T. M. Conron, Chicago meat packer, who was at the Hotel Severin recently, according to the Indianapolis News.

Conron had in his pocket a contract to send to the fort 175,000 pounds of meat. The contract also called for 8,000 pounds of butter and 6,000 pounds of best oleomargarine. Conron says that meat packers are encouraging the public to set aside a meatless day. He estimates that the average family will require two pounds of meat a day. "Figure it up," he said, "and you will find that the American public will save in the neighborhood of 10,000,000 pounds of meat every time they observe a meatless day."

Didn't Love Her Enough.

"No, Herbert," she said in a low tone, "it is impossible. I fear to trust my future with you."

"And why?"

"I have watched your conduct very closely. It lacks the mark of such devotion as my soul craves."

"Do I not come to see you four nights in the week?"

"Yes, but I have detected a calculating selfishness in your nature which I fear."

"What do you mean?"

"You have never yet failed to leave in time to catch the last bus."

"But that is only common sense."

"I know it is, Herbert, and, therefore, it is not love."

Theory That Doesn't Work.

A great social truth, says the Philadelphia Ledger, was enunciated by the janitor of a New York apartment house, who had lost his job, he explained by his wife's jealousy of the elevator girls he had employed and was being sued by her for nonsupport. "Girls are girls," said this shrewd observer, "and you have to pay more attention to them than you do to men."

The theory that women who go into business should be treated "just like men" is held by many, especially by the women themselves. It is an excellent theory, but it does not always work.

Genevieve and Georgiana

By Osborn Jones

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Why don't you say it right out then, Tom—that you love her better than you do me?" Nell had saved this thrust for the climax of their little breakfast table spat that morning. There were no tears in her eyes nor tremors in her voice, but her pulse was running high and her cheeks were aflame.

"Nell, it isn't fair to say things like that. Of course I don't love her better. I love her in an entirely different way. And the whole point is that I invited her here for Thanksgiving 'way last Fourth of July, and if I didn't have her she would be disappointed. It isn't that it would make any special difference to me personally."

"But if you didn't tell me you had invited her, how was I to know? If you had told me you had invited your mother—"

"I don't see why you always call her my mother. Why don't you call her 'mother,' the way Dot does 'Ted's mother'? You act as if she was no relation to you, and, to her face, you called her 'Mrs. Bradford' the last time she was here."

"But she isn't my mother and I just can't say 'mother' to her."

"She is your mother," snapped Tom. "Oh, I don't see how you can say so at all. Mamma is my mother and it would be just dreadful to call your mother, 'mother.'"

"But you needn't call her 'Mrs. Bradford.'"

"Well, what shall I call her, then? You don't call my mother anything. You just say 'you' when you talk to her." Then, after a sob, "Tom, I think it is just shameful for us to be scrapping this way about our mothers."

"But how are we going to settle it if we don't talk it over? You want your mother to come for Thanksgiving and I want mine."

"And, of course, we couldn't have them together," put in Nell, and, as Tom muttered an "of course not," she added with mock cheerfulness and a smile that was only lip deep: "At least we agree on one thing. It would be too much to ask them to come together. They haven't an interest in common, and they would be perfectly miserable. Tom, if you have any good reason why your mother should come instead of mine I'd really like to hear it."

"In the first place, she's a lot older."

"Oh, Tom, how can you say that. Perhaps she is in years, but my poor mamma isn't as strong as yours is."

Tom snorted. "Frail, and weighs more than I do!"

"Tom, how can you be so horrid? Well, suppose the only thing to do is to draw lots about it," said Tom.

"You know, before I was married, I thought maybe it was going to be so I could make a home for mother here with us, and now I don't even feel free to invite her here for Thanksgiving."

"I am sure I don't see why you should have your mother here any more than I should have mamma."

"And, of course, we couldn't have them both!"

"Oh, of course not. They would never hit it off."

And wisely, as they thought, the Bradfords stopped here on the one point on which they agreed and with something of an armistice, Tom Bradford went to his office.

No, there was nothing at all, in the common acceptance of the word, congenial about Mrs. Bradford, Sr., and Mrs. Cole. Mrs. Bradford, at sixty since her children had grown up and made families for themselves, had grown so used to playing the role of "old lady" that, in spite of her active body and nimble mind, she felt that her proper sphere in life ought to be in the inglenook of some son's or daughter's fireplace, her task that of mending other people's children's stockings or putting patches on their outworn clothes and her proper headgear a sheer white muslin cap, topped with ribbons of faded lavender color. Yet, at heart, Mrs. Bradford was still the active, energetic woman she had been when, during the lifetime of Major Bradford, she had led social activities in thriving army posts and, through her tact and more than ordinary discretion, had held her place as social arbiter and leader.

Mrs. Cole was of the housewifely type. She was more interested in ketchup and mustard pickles than dinner parties and after-dinner small talk. At sixty-odd she was better able than ever to do just what she had to do all her mature years—to keep a family of youngsters in health and happiness on the maximum income. Her husband had been a small professor in a small town, and experience had made her expert in the art of thrifty housewifery. And just when she felt herself most able, she found herself dispossessed of her life job and life interest. She, too, felt the fitness of the lavender-bowed white muslin cap of old-womanhood.

So, you see, the mothers of the Tom Bradfords were distinctly different, and one would think that the only ties that could possibly have drawn them together were the ties that their children had married each other and that they happened to live in the same large city.

A week after Tom and Nell had had their breakfast-table scrap—several had followed since then, and Nell was losing sleep and Tom was losing weight—the mothers chanced to meet at the counter of a department store in the shopping section of their town, some hundred miles from the place where Tom and Nell made their home.

At first they bowed and smiled as women whose children have married usually do—and with more effort at saccharine politeness than actual cordiality.

Mrs. Bradford was buying lavender ribbon and when she saw Mrs. Cole, she, too, was buying lavender ribbon. It had come to both the women that ribbon of that shade would better suit their roles in life than the pink and yellow and green ribbons that they naturally would have chosen as ornamentation to their white frocks and negligees.

Perhaps it was this that made Mrs. Bradford assume an attitude toward Mrs. Cole that was so totally different from the attitude usually adopted by women whose children have married each other. At any rate Mrs. Bradford did approach Mrs. Cole with an air of camaraderie and two hours later Mrs. Cole and Mrs. Bradford, both looking particularly debonaire, were sipping tea together—not in the inglenook of either one's fireside but in a very fashionable and not at all sedate hotel where the orchestra alternately murmured the latest waltz or whanged out the most extreme of one-steps.

They talked long and understandingly, and when they came to leave at the portal of the hotel, Mrs. Cole held out her capable, plump hand of the housewife to Mrs. Bradford's, that was slender and bluish.

"Well, good-by, Genevieve," she said, albeit with a little tug at that last, unaccustomed word.

"So long, Georgiana," replied Mrs. Bradford, with a firm pressure of the hand. "The kiddies will know all in the morning."

The next morning the kiddies—Tom and Nell Bradford—received letters from their mothers and each one waited for privacy to read the letter.

This was the one from Mrs. Cole that Nell took from the folds of her bodice and read as soon as Tom had gone off to work.

"Dear Nell:

"What dears you and Tom were to invite me for Thanksgiving, and, if I hadn't made other plans, I should most surely have come. But I have some precious, important business on foot and I must attend to it. Mrs. Bradford and I have seen a good deal of each other lately, and we have a little enterprise on foot that will take up most of our time, so we have decided to run down to one of the resorts for Thanksgiving day and make the last arrangements. I've always wanted to get out and do something for myself, and now that your children are all settled in life I'm having the chance. Mrs. Bradford is writing to tell you the details of the enterprise and we shall soon have our prospectuses ready to send you a more detailed account of our undertaking. I am feeling splendidly. Don't worry about me, and take good care of yourself. I must close now, as I have a date with the tailor and another with the hairdresser. I'm having my hair done in the French roll, which I think makes me look a lot spryer than parted."

The letter that Tom opened in the sanctum of his office was longer, for Mrs. Bradford was of a more literary bent than Mrs. Cole. It told of the venture in full. She and Mrs. Cole, who had been seeing a good deal of each other of late, had gone into partnership. They had decided to open a girls' boarding school. "Georgiana is such a splendid housewife and I know so many people whose children we could get that all we need is the teachers and, as one can always get inexperienced young persons at reasonable rates to do the teaching, there will be no trouble on that score."

"And, by the way," remarked this mother, "you were very foolish to apologize for not asking me to come for Thanksgiving. As it happens, Georgiana and I are going off to the seashore, so I couldn't have come anyway."

"Thank Nell for her kind little letter, too. And, Tom, do, for mercy sakes, tell her not to call me 'Mother.' I know it must be hard, for I am really not her mother, and I won't be anyone's mother-in-law. Tell her to call me Genevieve."

May Account for Colors. What was the color of the original man? There is an old legend that Adam was red, based on the assumption that it was red earth (triturated "old red sandstone," perhaps) from which the Almighty molded him; but Tabari, the Arabian theological historian, asserts that, when God wished to make Adam he instructed Gabriel to bring him a handful of every sort of clay—black, white, red, yellow, blue and every other kind. This, perhaps, was intended to explain how Adam's descendants became so many-colored. DeQuatrefages, who championed the monogenist idea, found reasons for thinking that the first human species had a yellowish complexion and red hair.

Read Up, Bill. How did Bill happen to be arrested? "Left his car in the street all night without complying with the Biblical injunction."

"Didn't know the Bible made any ruling on the subject."

"Oh, yes. It says: 'Let your light shine.'"

WILL USE HORSE CHESTNUTS

Heretofore Ignored, Well-Known Nut Is to Have Place With Other War Munitions.

"Horse chestnuts for munitions." It is a sober headline in the English papers. Hooray for the horse chestnut! but they are not going to shoot it at the Germans, declares the Boston Transcript. The horse chestnut crop is being harvested in England under the orders of the "director of propellant supplies"—direful title!—for use in the place of large quantities of grain used in connection with munitions which grain is hereby released for use as food.

We are not told just how this released grain has been used in the manufacture of munitions. That would be giving information to the enemy. But in any case, horse chestnuts will do the business, and all England is put at work by government circular collecting them. Collection will be carried out by local committees formed in connection with the schools. It is particularly requested that nuts should not be gathered until they are fully ripe, so that nuts are of no value for the purpose.

Let us be glad that a patriotic use has been found for the horse chestnut. Heretofore it has been available only for purposes of juvenile ornamentation, or, when carried in the right-hand trousers pocket, for adult rheumatism. Not even pigs will eat horse chestnuts. But how many millions of them could easily be gathered in New England! Do you want the New England horse chestnut crop, Mr. Baker? If so, you have only to ask for it.

JOURNALISM THE JAPAN WAY

One Publisher Finds Suppression of Sensational News Does Not Meet With Approval.

To ascertain the tastes of his readers with regard to sensational stories, according to the East and West News bureau, Motono Elkichiro, editor of the Yomiuri, recently "held out" the story of the double suicide pact between the daughter of Count Yoshikawa, vice president of the privy council, and her chauffeur, with the result that the following day he was deluged with letters from indignant readers of his paper, many of them charging him with accepting bribes from the Yoshikawa family. Every other newspaper in Tokyo printed the story American fashion.

Elkichiro based his action on a desire to protect the public from scandalous conduct. It is said the young editor is now convinced of the truth of the saying of the late Charles A. Dana that "whatever the Almighty permits to happen is fit to print." To deny the insinuation that the Yoshikawa family paid him to leave out the story, he printed: "The Yoshikawa family at once engaged a press agent and supplied the paper with complete details of the affair."

He later indulged in a long article about the aims of a newspaper, admitting that his attitude was a daring one. He confessed that if he followed the advice of the very few readers who approved his course, "he would have no hope of continuing in business."

Still Owns Violet Shop.

In the French chamber of deputies the lawyers and doctors are most numerous; but one deputy is a veterinarian, another is a news agent, another is a miner, another a comedian, another a tinsmith, another makes wooden shoes, another is a confectioner. Others are professors, and one, who represents Upper Garonne, is a dealer in violets. Time was—and it is a long time ago—when he sold those sweet and modest flowers over the counter in person. Now, with a modesty equal to that of the violet, he has withdrawn himself from so public a position. But he still owns a shop alongside the Hotel de la Poste in Toulouse, a shop where violets, and only violets, are sold.

Feeding the Soldiers.

Although he would a great deal rather be taking part in cavalry raids, Capt. John C. Pegram, for 15 years attached to the cavalry of the United States army, is now putting in some very hard strokes in the way of commissary preparations, so that if an army travels on its stomach, as it does, according to tradition, the United States forces will be able to go very far indeed. Captain Pegram has been detailed by the war department to represent the commissary department at the camps of the eastern and north-eastern departments. He has been in New York for some time co-operating with the hotel and restaurant men who are enlisting cooks for the new army.

Proved He Was a Driver.

"I left England a political slave; I shall return to it a free woman," remarked Mrs. Pankhurst recently at a meeting of Russian Suffragists. "But," she continued, gravely, "it is not the possession of the vote that counts. It is the knowing how to use it." And in order to illustrate her contention she proceeded to tell the story of the pedestrian who had nearly been run over by a taxi. "You don't know how to drive!" cried the angry man, as he brushed the mud from his clothes. "Don't!" cried the no less infuriated driver. "Here's my driver's certificate."

"I don't believe it's yours," was the retort.

"Not mine!" gasped the indignant driver. "Why, I bought it from a policeman who's gone into the army, and 'paid him for it.'"

"Why, I bought it from a policeman who's gone into the army, and 'paid him for it.'"

"Oh, yes. It says: 'Let your light shine.'"

BUMPER BEAN CROP ASSURED

Exports Agree That Final Figures May Show 25,000,000 Bushels, and Lower Prices Are in Sight.

There is cheering reassurance in the news that this year's crop of beans will be much more than double the average yield, says the Indianapolis News. As a rule the country produces 10,000,000 bushels a year. In 1918, however, when the demand was greater than ever before, the crop was only 9,000,000 bushels. The shortage was immediately reflected in the soaring prices, and the lowly bean, as a consequence, came in a new prominence. Scarcity served as nothing else to bring about a realization of its value and an appreciation of the place it occupies on the American menu.

This year, experts agree, the final figures may show a crop of 25,000,000 bushels. The consumer this winter should find beans restored to their normal prices.

"Navy" beans they are called by some, by others they are known as "army" beans. The New Englander calls them merely beans. The reference to them, however, as "navy" or "army" beans is not without significance. Time was when the bean was a staple in the rations of both the navy and the army. It appeared frequently, morning, noon and night; it was served boiled and baked and in soup. The Civil war, it has been said, was fought on beans. The ration of the United States soldier and sailor is more varied today, but the bean is not lacking. It is there as of yore, better understood and no less strengthening or palatable.

How many thousands of bushels of this year's enormous bean crop the army and navy of this country and the armies and navies of our allies will consume it would be difficult to say. But the experts are of the opinion that the crop is by no means greater than the demands that will be made upon it. Even so, there should be no shortage and no exorbitant prices. Bean eaters everywhere will appreciate Mr. Hoover's careful consideration of the product, to the end that prices approximating the ante-bellum charges may be restored.

WAR DOGS AND CATS NEEDED

Bureau of Mines Can Use Great Numbers for Experiments With Gas Masks.

If you raised Fido to be a hero send him to the bureau of mines. And if there is a tom cat about the premises who shows signs of heroic qualities send him along, too. The bureau of mines is anxious to get canine and feline heroes right now. They can be devoted to a very useful purpose, one that may be the means of saving the lives of hundreds of American soldiers.

The bureau is using cats and dogs in experiments with gas masks that will be supplied to American soldiers at the front. Hundreds of animals can be used and the bureau recently sent out a call for more of them. In each case the animals are shipped at government expense.

The Yale Medical School at New Haven also is conducting experiments with gas masks and can use almost any number of dogs and cats.

Efficiency of Sammy's Kit.

It may sound strange to American ears, accustomed as they are to denunciations of our national unreadiness, says Leslie's Magazine, to hear that the American soldier's equipment is conceded by military authorities to be the finest of any army in the world.

Thus it is that Sammy will go to France (or to Russia or Mesopotamia or wherever the fates decree) carrying on his person the most complete, most adaptable, lightest, handiest and most thoroughly efficient living, working and fighting outfit of any soldier on earth, not excepting either our enemies or our allies. The personal equipment of the American infantryman (and we take the infantryman because he is both the backbone of the army and the bulk of it) represents American business efficiency and applied common sense in its highest practical manifestation. Each detail of every tiniest article, even the most insignificant strap or lace, is the result of scientific study and experiment. Some things about our army may not be above friendly criticism, but when it comes to the design of the individual soldier's outfit the United States army has no peer.

Motor-Driven Barges a Success.

A train of barges driven by motor traction recently reached the Regent's canal with loads of coal from the Midlands in England. These were the first motor barges to navigate the English canals for any distance, and the beginning of a development which the board of trade is watching with interest. In their journey of 150 miles from Cannock Chase to St. George's wharf, King's Cross, the motor barges navigated seven different canals, and managed all the locks with ease, leaving the horses on the towpath panting after them in vain. The motive power is a small motor driven by a mixture of paraffin and petrol. This is fixed to the stern, and can be transferred from one barge to another in a few minutes.

Cleaned Up for Nothing.

George's voluntary scrubbing was few indeed. In fact, he seldom washed his hands before a meal unless ordered to do so. When Uncle Matt was expected for a visit George was made to wash himself vigorously and comb his hair neatly. But Uncle Matt did not come and that night, walking up to his father, he said emphatically: "And all my cleaning up for nothing!"

FATAL DESERT OF KARA-KUM

Heat Reaching 163 Degrees Is Hurdled Into One's Face Like Sheet of Fire.

When the caravans in olden days went up from Samarcand and Bokhara to Merv for silks and carpets, or carried spices for Europe to the Caspian ports, some of them occasionally wandered off into the desert of Kara-Kum, and few of those ever returned. This desert, which is smaller but more terrible than Sahara, came to be known as "the tomb of caravans."

If you were to venture into the desert of Kara-Kum you would travel by camel. At first you would pass through a land of scrubby bushes and rest at noon near a well surrounded by a tiny native village at the bottom of a dimple in the desert. And here you would feel your first touch of the desert heat—a heat that reaches 163 degrees in the sun and is hurled into your face by the wind like a veritable sheet of flame.

In the comparative cool of evening you would push on into the desert proper. Presently from the top of a slight elevation you would see it reaching before you—a petrified storm at sea, an ocean of sand. There is nothing but sand, and it is tossed by a ceaseless wind into billows miles long that creep forward perhaps a foot a year, burying everything in their path. The wind tears banners of flying sand from their crests as you look, releasing cascades that go rumbling into the burning hollows.

The path across this desert is marked only by bits of bone and stick, occasionally by a human skull. It is easily lost in the dark, and it is the thread which connects one shallow, muddy well with another. Many have lost it and they are still in the desert of Kara-Kum.

TOOMBS UTTERS ONE ERROR

Noted for Accuracy, Famous Publicist Makes Mistake in Georgia Constitutional Convention.

In the Georgia constitutional convention of 1877 so usually accurate a publicist as General Robert Toombs uttered a singular error. He was contending in a speech for enough courts in Georgia to assure speedy justice and at one point in the debate he said: "I only desire to say one word. Six hundred and fifty years ago our rude ancestors met upon a plain at Runnimead and established a great system of judiciary in one line of bad Latin. They made King John say, 'We will sell to none, we will deny to none, we will delay to none, right and justice, and we must make as many courts as are necessary to carry out those grand utterances.'"

Actually there is no "plain" at Runnimead, as those who have visited the historic locality know. Anciently there was a running-mead, or meadow, on the Middlesex shore of the Thames, where races were pulled off. Possibly the doughty barons held some mass meeting in the meadow, but history holds fast that the Magna Charta was signed on an island off shore, nearer the Surrey bank, and which has ever since been known as Charter Island. In London in 1909 there was a sale of the island and the wonder was voiced in the public press why the government did not purchase it and erect upon it some suitable memorial.

Device to Save Worry.

A "worry-saving" device that is being installed in many of the apartment houses here, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch, is a slot machine arrangement intended to eliminate computation and dispute regarding the monthly bill for telephone service.

The machine is built on the principle of the public pay station slot telephone, but is handier in size. It can be purchased outright at comparatively little cost, or leased at reasonable rates. It does away with all bills and makes complaints of overcharge impossible. In the event that a tenant has not the proper change to insert in the slot, he may insert brass checks, which are supplied with the machine.

When the coin box is opened by the collector the tenant is called on to redeem these brass checks. The device is making a hit with landlords and tenants.

Many Great Men Die Young.

The question is often asked, what is meant by "the prime of life." It is difficult to say; people differ so much. Most great men have died comparatively young. Alexander the Great died at thirty-two, having conquered practically the whole world of his day; Julius Caesar was dead at fifty-five; Napoleon died at fifty-two; Oliver Cromwell at fifty-nine; Shakespeare at fifty-two; Charles Dickens at fifty-eight. Nearly all the men who made the French Revolution were dead before they were fifty; many of them before they were forty. Robespierre was only thirty-six when he died, Desmoulins thirty-four, Danton thirty-five, and Mirabeau forty-two.

Colorado Was Not Red.

It was William's first trip to Colorado. Everyone was marveling at the wonderful scenery but the little chap, who seemed troubled at it all, "What's the matter, don't you like the mountains?" asked his mother. "Oh, yes," replied the boy, "but on my map Colorado is red."

Mostly Talk.

"Getting up betimes and enjoying the early morning is delightful these days."

"Yes; I often talk about doing it."

KICKS A \$500-JOB AROUND

Actor Finally Discovers Mysterious Cable, Long Ignored, Refused by Others, Belonged to Him.

"Who is Leo Robinson?" asked Robinson of the clerk of a Tenderloin club in one of the large cities, whose membership is for the most part made up of actors. "That cable has been here so long it is getting my goat."

It was one of those cable envelopes which permit the name and address to be read through the thin paper.

"Haven't you opened it yet?" asked the clerk in return. "I forwarded it to J. C. Robinson in San Francisco and he returned it saying it did not belong to him. Next I forwarded it to H. D. Robinson, in New Orleans. He said it did not belong to him. I did not think of asking you to open it because you have seen it almost every day and I got the idea that it did not belong to you. I put it back again thinking that it was for some other Robinson who might be introduced and have the mail privilege."

Robinson carefully opened the flap of the envelope with a pencil because it had been pasted up by the last Robinson. As he read the message his brows knitted, his fingers trembled, he ran his hand through his hair.

"Dampfool!" he ejaculated, and glared at the cable dispatch. Whether he meant the remark for himself or for the sender he did not specify.

"That cable is for me," he remarked, the ejaculation having cooled him off somewhat. "That cable offered me a \$500 job for a month's work. Here it has been kicking around for three months and I hadn't the slightest idea it was for me. But why should it be addressed to Leo Robinson?"

The clerk took the cable dispatch. "It isn't addressed to Leo," he said. "That is 'leo,' which means the cable message is written in the language of the originating country."

"Give me a postage stamp and I'll write an explanation, but I know it will never be believed," but it was ten minutes before Robinson got his thoughts into shape to put on paper.

Rather Crude Pun.

Persons who laugh at the unspeakable efforts of the ordinary vaudeville wheeze escrow missed a bit of detectable comedy in connection with a rather faint subway explosion above Thirty-eighth street, in Broadway, says a Gotham exchange. The usual precautions had been taken and excited workmen were stationed north and south of the anticipated crash when a woman with a baby carriage came along hurrying south. The flagman told her that there was to be an explosion, but she nearly knocked him over as she bumped him with the carriage and hurried by. She had hardly passed when a foreman stuck his head out of one of the street fissures and saw her. "Hey," he called to the workmen who had permitted her to pass. "What's the matter with you? Didn't I tell you not to allow anyone to pass? What's your name, anyway?" "My name is Cannon," answered the flag-bearer. "Well, yer fied," bawled the boss, with true wartime decision.

Her Valid Defense.

One has heard a good deal about the Russian woman warriors. Sensational stories about them have appeared from time to time in the European press. Altogether, there is a flavor of romance about the Russian amazons which is lacking entirely in the totally unlooked-for defense put up by an English working woman. A suit had been brought against her for having failed to pay the money due for the hire of her sewing machine. Asked what she had got to say for herself, she replied: "Nothing; I am unable to pay, as I was wounded a short time ago, fighting against the Austrians." It quite disconcerted the court! Her papers were examined by the judge, and found to be in order. Needless to say, the charge against her was withdrawn.—Christian Science Monitor.

Head Hunters Volunteer.

Japanese newspapers strongly urge the United States to send the Igorrotes to France to fight against the Germans side by side the American troops, says the New York Herald. They state that several of the wild tribes in the Philippines already have offered their services to Governor Harrison.

The Far East is especially urgent in this matter. It says: "Men of all colors and nationalities are fighting side by side in the great war and the latest volunteers are natives of a tropical territory that can supply 100,000 fighting men to the United States if need be. In the Philippines are some of the most warlike tribes in the world, and based on information received directly at Manila they are keen to offer themselves."

High-Class Men.

"I'm looking for work, sir."

"What can you do?"

"I'll be perfectly frank with you, sir. I've had technical training in one of the best-equipped prisons in the country."

"I'm willing to give you a chance, but you mustn't boast in public of the advantages you have enjoyed. There are still a few old-fashioned people in this world who are prejudiced against a prison education." — Birmingham Age-Herald.

Late Suppers.

"You'll have to cut out those late suppers, under the economy regulations."

"On the contrary, when I want an extra heavy meal, I'd better get up and cook it in the middle of the night when nobody will see me."

SLOW TRAVEL IN MANCHURIA

Better Progress Is Made in Winter Than in Summer by Antiquated Methods.

Although it is much easier to reach Manchuria now than it was ten or fifteen years ago, the man who would travel in the interior of this primitive part of China, as soon as he leaves the few railroads must rely upon means that were standard a century ago.

If it is winter he will rattle over the frozen mud in a cart drawn by three horses. At night he will stop at an inn where he must supply his own bed and a large part of his own food, unless he is willing to be satisfied with a little boiled corn. The walls of his room will be of paper and eyes will peer at him through holes hastily punched for the purpose. In the morning his driver will awaken him before daylight and start him on another long day of jolts and freezing.

In the summer travel is easier and pleasanter, but also much slower. A boat may be taken upon one of the rivers. It will crawl along between pleasantly shaded banks and green fields, every little while coming to rest upon a sandbar, so that progress is unbelievably slow, even going down stream. Against the current the boat is laboriously poled and dragged with heavy ropes.

By these means the traveler may penetrate into a region where change is unknown and the principles of Confucius still rule. He will meet natives who have never seen a watch or a railroad train, although they nominally belong to one of the oldest civilizations; he will see the squalor and dirt and disease that go with ignorance.

The fact will be forcibly brought home to him that modern progress travels over good roads.

CONFUSING CITY OF CAGNES

Tourists Find It Advantageous to Learn to Distinguish From Similar Name—Cannes.

American and English visitors to the Riviera soon come to know Cagnes by name, according to Harper's Magazine. It is a challenge to their ability to pronounce French—a challenge that must be accepted, if you are in the region of Grasse or Nice or Antibes. Two distinct tramway lines and several roads lead from Grasse to Cannes and Cagnes. Unless you are very careful you may find yourself upon the wrong route. Once on the Cagnes tramway, or well engaged upon the road to Cagnes, when you had meant to go to Cannes, the mistake takes hours to retrieve.

At Nice chauffeurs and cochers love to cheat you by the confusion of these two names. You bargain for the long trip to Cannes, and are attracted by the reasonable price quoted. In a very short time you are at Cagnes. The vehicle stops. Impossible to rectify your mispronunciation without a substantial increase of the original sum of the bargain. Antibes is between Cagnes and Cannes. Cagnes is nearer, and it is always to Cannes that you want to go. Spell the name or write it on a piece of paper if you are to be sure that you will be taken west instead of east.

Drum Major Necessary.

Indispensable is the drum major of a rural brass band, and the envy of the small boy is he as well. This functionary is about as serviceable as a figurehead on a battleship, writes Zim in Cartoons Magazine, yet his duties are beyond estimation in keeping the tubas and trombones from stumbling into mud puddles and guiding the alleged musicians past refreshment emporiums. His success rests on the extent of his ability to twirl the stick over three-story buildings and catch it behind his back on its descent. He is to the band what the monkey is to a hand-organ. All eyes are upon him while the ears feast on the music. Big city bands often roam about the streets unescorted by a drum major and feel not at all discommoded by his absence, but a country band would not deem itself fit to be seen on parade without this distinguished appendage.

World's Greatest Weavers.

The ancient Indians of Peru are now regarded as the world's greatest weavers. This noteworthy revelation in the history of textile art is the result of the critical examination of many rich and beautiful tapestries and other fabrics executed by the gifted ancient Indian population of Peru. Though buried three centuries or more in the sandy desert after being made with primitive handlooms and other weaving implements, these wonderful fabrics are now found to be superior to those turned out by the automatic looms of the great mills of today. The primitive Peruvian handloom consisted of two sticks, one at the top and one at the bottom.

Catherine Long on Blessing.

Catherine, who lives in the same town with numerous relatives, was wont to remember them all separately in her prayer each night. A few nights ago she was especially tired and sleepy and when she began to enumerate them, evidently the task looked hard, for she ended up with "and bless everybody in the telephone book."

Wife Failed to Keep Her Word.

Hoyle—Doyle is suing his wife for breach of promise.

Hoyle—For breach of promise?

Hoyle—Yes; she promised to divorce him, but now she has backed out—Town Topics.

It is claimed that the Icelandic settlers that they have played no small part in the progress and prosperity of the province of Manitoba, Canada, and it is asserted that the story of the foreign population of Winnipeg must necessarily begin with the Icelanders. He has set the pace for all the incoming races. He is the illustration par excellence of how a people of ambition and industry can master difficulties, triumph over prejudice, and attain their desired place in the commercial, the political, the intellectual and social life of a hustling and growing city in a strange land. Outside the city it is not unusual to find Icelanders with farms of 1,000 acres.

Read "The Republican" \$1.50 a year in advance.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS
THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, etc.
Pills in Red and Gold wrapper.
Take as directed. Box of 25.
Druggists, Ask for CHICHESTER'S PILLS.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Dreer's Aristocrat Sugar Corn

Adelicious extra early variety which was for many years controlled by a prominent gardener who furnished truck to the aristocrats of Newport, R. I. Ears of large size with broad grains that allow of easy scoring with a knife when eaten off the cob. Liberal packet—10 cts. postpaid.

Dreer's Garden Book for 1917

makes gardening easy for amateurs. Hundreds of cultural notes by experts. 288 pages, colored plates and diagrams. Lists practically everything worth growing in Vegetables, Flowers and Plants.

A copy sent free if you mention this publication.

HENRY A. DREER 714 Chestnut St. Philadelphia

A healthy man is a king in his own right; an unhealthy man an unhappy slave. For impure blood and sluggish liver, use Burdock Blood Bitters. On the market 35 years. \$1.00 a bottle.

Read The Bellefonte Republican \$1.50 in advance.

SEVEN BARKS

Relieve that after-dinner distress, remove the cause of lassitude, drowsiness and headache, the symptoms of INDIGESTION, take nature's remedy. It quickly clears the system by its natural tonic action on the bowels, and restores vigor to a weary stomach. Clears the blood and eradicates Uric Acid. Price 50 cents a bottle at all druggists or from the proprietor, Lyman Brown, 68 Murray St., New York City.

The Main Thing About FIRE INSURANCE

Is carrying a sufficient amount to really protect your property for after a fire one can only accept the result.

Better see to it that you are fully insured and in a company celebrated for prompt payment of losses; a good reliable company the only kind represented by us.

Also represent The Preferred accident insurance company of New York, which issues \$5,000 travel Policy at \$12.00 per year.

Harry E. Fenlon

Temple Court --- Bellefonte, Pa.

Real Estate Bought and Sold, RENTS COLLECTED.

FARMERS OF CENTRE COUNTY

When the war is over 4% government bonds will likely sell at a premium. You now have the chance to buy a 4% bond that may pay you 6% or more. Why not take it?

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THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
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Office, Lumber Yard and Planing Mill at Lamb St. Bridge, Bellefonte, Pa. Manufacturer and Dealer in

Western, Southern and Local Lumber.

Of Every Kind and Quality.

Boards, Plank, Timber, Plastering Lath, Flooring, Ceiling, Siding, Frames, Interior Finish, Porch Work, Sash, Doors, Mouldings and Novelties in Wood.

Distributing Agents For

Mauck's Red Seal Brand of Pacific Coast Red Cedar Shingles.

Creo Dipt Red Cedar Shingles. All colors and Best Quality.

Bird & Son's Neponset Shingles. Paroid Roofing and Wall Board.

Call, Write or phone for information
Bell Phone 170-J. Commercial Phone 44-Y

P. B. CRIDER & SON

Here and There.

Box Papers at Green's.

"Send him a photograph"—Mallory Studio.

Merchant D. I. Willard, of Bellefonte, transacted business in Lock Haven Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hollobaugh returned to Bellefonte Tuesday from their wedding trip through the south.

Enclosed Cars, prompt service. Day or night. Give us a Trial. White Line Taxi Co. Look for the White Line.

In his sermon next Sunday morning at 10.30 Rev. Dr. Schmidt will answer the question—"Is there a personal Devil?"

Frank K. Luckenbach and B. C. Everingham, of Tyrone, spent Sunday at State College with Mr. Luckenbach's son who is going to school there.

Last Thursday Charles R. Meek the State forester, who had been at Coburn for several years left for Harrisburg to enlist in some branch of the service.

Robert B. Love, of Tyrone, and a graduate of State College, who has friends in Bellefonte, has received a commission as second lieutenant in the regular army.

The annual Chicken and Waffle Supper of the Ladies Aid Society of the United Brethren church will be served in the Social room of the church on Thursday, November 1st.

Col. and Mrs. W. Fred Reynolds left Bellefonte Tuesday afternoon for Augusta, Ga., where they will visit their son, Sergeant Frederick Reynolds, who is a member of Troop L. Bellefonte.

R. W. McDowell, a former attaché of the office force at the local P. R. R., passenger station, spent Sunday in Bellefonte with friends. He is now in the P. R. R. ticket office in Clearfield and is making good.

James Uzzle, of Snow Shoe, was a business visitor in town for a few hours on Tuesday. Jim says that the coal business keeps him on the go so continuously that he can't find time to enjoy his favorite pastime of hunting.

Mrs. Margaret Miller, of Hagerstown, has rented her home at that place and will arrive in Bellefonte Saturday evening to remain during the greater part of the winter with her mother, Mrs. Patsy Stewart, of West Linn Street.

Mrs. Frank Blair and Mrs. Russell R. Blair are visiting in Philadelphia. For the time being the Russell Blair home on Curtis Street is closed and Russell and his father are "batching" it at the F. P. Blair home on Spring Street.

Harry Wetzel, who now belongs to Uncle Sam's Navy and located not far from Newport, R. I., is home on a furlough attending the wedding of his sister, Miss Helen Wetzel which was solemnized on Wednesday afternoon. He leaves for duty on Friday.

Miss Bertha Laurie, who for a number of years has been stenographer in the Bellefonte First National Bank, left Wednesday morning for New York City to inquire into a position with the Y. M. C. A. for special work among the soldiers in France. If proper arrangements can be made Miss Laurie will engage in the work.

Dr. William K. McKinney, pastor of the Bellefonte Presbyterian church, in company with elder James H. Potter, left Tuesday for Johnstown to attend the annual meeting of Synod which is being held in the First Presbyterian church and attended by 250 delegates. The 200th anniversary of the synod was also observed.

"Abe Long, recruiting officer for this district, spent several days in Bellefonte last week seeking additional recruits for the United States navy. Monday morning he left for Williamsport accompanied by Paul Blair, son of John Blair, of Fillmore. He will be an apprenticed seaman and was taken to Norfolk, Va., where he has gone into training. Mr. Long has been making a good officer and seems to have the knack of getting men for Uncle Sam.

Dr. Hiram H. Hiller and wife, of Chester, near Philadelphia, motored to Bellefonte Tuesday afternoon. They came by the way of the Seven Mountains and when at "Pat" Gherity's place the Doctor with his hunting dog, got off the car and began to do a little hunting. The chauffeur brought Mrs. Hiller to Bellefonte, stopping at the residence of Mrs. Margaret Wilson on High Street. The chauffeur then took the car back to the mountains and brought the Doctor to town. He is a great hunter and came prepared to get some game. His dog is one of the finest, being a thoroughbred.

Monday evening F. H. Thomas, Mrs. Thomas and their daughter, Mrs. Wallace Gephart, returned from Camp Niagara, not far from Niagara Falls. Francis Thomas is a member of the camp and he was glad to see his parents and sister. They returned with a good idea of camp life. Mr. Thomas says it is no child's play. They are to be found on the field trenches and wire netting which is tangled in every shape and it is the daily duty of the boys to go through the netting, climb fences and poles and go through the hardships just as though they were in actual battle. They also have to throw up trenches. With six months of such training there is hardly any question but that they are fitted to meet the emergencies of war.

"Send him a photograph"—Mallory Studio.

A fresh stock of Hadnauts Perfumes at Green's.

D. W. Neff, of Bellefonte, left Saturday morning for South Fork where he will work at his trade.

White Line Taxi Service to all parts of the city. Call Bush House either phone. Look for the White Line.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Taylor and little son Paul, left Monday morning for Altoona to spend a few days with friends.

Prof. Philip H. Meyer, of Centre Hall, recently suffered another slight stroke and is now confined to bed. His family and friends are anxious about his condition.

A bazaar will be held by the Parrish Guild of St. John's Episcopal Church on Thursday, Dec. 6, afternoon and evening. Many Christmas gifts and a delicatessen table will be among other attractive features.

Rev. M. D. Geesey, pastor of the Aaronsburg Lutheran charge, has resigned his pastorate. He has accepted a call from the Lutheran congregation at Louisville, Ky., and will enter upon his new duties on December 1st.

J. H. Mitchell, who had been working around Bellefonte for several years and whose wife recently died, has taken his family to Orviston where they will remain for some time. He is an excellent worker and it is probable he will secure a good job at the brick works at that place.

This week Dr. Ezra H. Vocum, pastor of the Bellefonte Methodist church is assisting Dr. Ott in his revival meetings at the First Methodist church at Jersey Shore. It is the purpose of Dr. Vocum to begin revival services in Bellefonte in the near future and Dr. Ott will reciprocate by assisting him.

J. Harvey McClure, son of James H. McClure, of Bellefonte, manager of the Citizens Traction Co., of Oil City, has been elected director and vice president of the Youngstown and Suburban Railway Co. This shows that he is making good and stands high in the business community in which he resides.

If this Liberty Loan is not fully subscribed it may give the German Kaiser an opportunity to tax property so high in America that people will not be able to hold it. It is therefore better to pay \$50 for a Liberty Bond than run chances of losing everything. This may sound like fiction but lots of stranger things than this have happened.

Monday Frank Potts Green, the Bellefonte druggist, was 83 years of age and as usual was behind the counter in his store assisting in waiting on the customers. He is certainly a remarkable old man. In all these years he has been very close to business and thus has been one of the leading merchants in the town. He attributes his long life to being moderate in everything and trying the best he could to obey the laws of health.

Mrs. Mary M. Jacobs stopped over in Bellefonte a few days ago for a brief visit with her sister, Mrs. F. W. Crider. Mrs. Jacobs is enroute to her home in Philadelphia, having recently gone to Topeka, Kansas, to attend the wedding of her daughter, Miss Rebecca Jacobs, who is quite well known in Bellefonte, and Dr. Cherry, a lieutenant in the new federal army.

Miss Rilla Williams, daughter of the late S. H. Williams, of Bellefonte, recently resigned her position at State College as secretary to Dean Watt of the Agricultural department and accepted a position with the American International Shipping Co., of Philadelphia. She went to the city to begin her work but was taken ill and compelled to return to Bellefonte, going to the home of her brother, Harry Williams. It is altogether likely that she will have to decline the new position on account of her health. It is understood that her position at the College is open for her should it become necessary to give up going to the City of Brotherly Love.

Annie Ioskey, better known to many of the people of Bellefonte as "Basket Annie" took her departure Friday morning for Crystal Falls, Mich., about three hundred miles west of Chicago, to be cared for by her son. Several times her son sent her money to make the trip but she spent it for that which was not bread. She resided in one of the houses owned by the American Lime & Stone Company and the only way they could get possession was to send her where she would receive proper care and attention, as she is quite an aged lady. Charles Morris purchased her a ticket for the west and she was in a happy mood when she left. She made baskets and is a hard worker.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira D. Garman, of Philadelphia, have announced the approaching wedding of their daughter, Miss Marjorie Allen Garman, to Charles W. Hargens, Jr., of that city. The nuptial event will take place in the St. Philips Episcopal church Wednesday evening, November 14th, at 7.30 o'clock. Following the services in the church there will be a reception at the Ritz-Carlton, one of the finest hotels in the city. The coming bride is quite well known in Bellefonte as she has visited here frequently. The groom is a young artist of considerable note, and it was while Miss Garman and Mr. Hargens were studying under the same master that an acquaintance was made that will culminate in the coming pleasing event.

"Send him a photograph"—Mallory Studio.

Nothing better made than Green's Condition Powders.

Miss Caroline Valentine left Bellefonte Wednesday afternoon for Philadelphia.

Frank Hazel, of Bush Addition, Bellefonte, who had been seriously ill with diphtheria, is on the way to recovery. His son, Ralph Hazel, of Akron, Ohio, who had been detained after the funeral of his brother, Clarence Hazel, by the illness of his father, left for his home to-day (Thursday.)

Mrs. Thomas Mallory, of Altoona, made a flying visit to Bellefonte between trains Tuesday afternoon. She is a daughter of Captain W. H. Fry, of Pine Grove Mills. A number of years ago she made her home in Bellefonte with the Spear family. Her husband was at one time a blacksmith in Bellefonte but at present he is one of the best engineers in the employ of the P. R. R.

Hugh Boyle, wife and two daughters, Miss Mabel Gilbert and George Tanner, of Hazleton, motored to Bellefonte Saturday in Mrs. Boyle's Chevrolet. This distance is 110 miles and they made the trip in four hours and a half. They left Tuesday and while here were guests of Mrs. Boyle's mother, Mrs. C. D. Tanner, on High Street. Before leaving they took a drive to State College and Howard.

Tuesday morning the remains of the late Mrs. Eleanor Taylor was taken to the cemetery at Cortin. When the funeral cortege arrived there it was discovered that the grave had been dug on the wrong lot. The only thing to do was to put the casket in the tool house until the grave was filled up and another dug at the right place. Later services were held at the second grave.

Warner Barr has been away from Bellefonte so long that a large number of people here may have forgotten about him until his name is mentioned. His home is formerly at Boalsburg but now he is a member of what is known as Company C., Provisional Replacement Battalion. He was at the Mexican border and recently was encamped at Gettysburg for a short time. Sunday he leaves New York for France.

About four weeks ago Mrs. Frank Downing, of Coleville, left Bellefonte to visit her two daughters residing at Akron, Ohio. Recently she became ill at the home of one of the daughters, Mrs. Oscar Grubb. Her illness was of such a character that instead of being able to return home her husband received a telegram Monday to come west. He departed Tuesday morning with the hope that by the time he arrived he would find her condition improved.

Harry Taylor, son of Col. H. S. Taylor, who has been absent for over three years arrived in Bellefonte the latter part of last week looking hale and hearty. Since leaving the family threshold here he has traveled extensively over the United States. He is in civilian clothes which is something odd for a Taylor and when asked the reason stated he was in the conscript army but had not been called. He took this opportunity to come home to see his parents and friends before shouldering a musket.

Harry C. Valentine is in demand these days. The reason is that he is familiar with things in general around Bellefonte. He is a man of sound judgment and thus he is a valuable man when it comes to making improvements. He is now employed by the Silica Brick Co., of Port Matilda, in building a narrow gauge railroad from the brick plant to where the ganister rock is taken from the mountain, a distance of two miles. With the sidings and all there will be four miles of track. Things are booming around Port just now and Harry will do his part to "make 'er hum."

Friday evening Mrs. Menald, wife of Prof. H. C. Menald, of the mechanical department of the Bellefonte High School, entertained a number of her friends at what she termed a "baby party." That is the guests were attired in costumes to make them appear as they did in the days when they were small girls. It was something different from other evening parties and thoroughly enjoyed by those present. Refreshments were served to the following guests: Misses Hazel Lentz, Mae Baller, Gertrude Taylor, Mae Taylor, Helen and Roxanna Mingle, Rachel Shney and Mrs. Edward Maloy.

Lloyd Wilson, brother of the late John Wilson, formerly operator in the local telegraph office, was in Bellefonte over Sunday. He is now Western Union telegraph operator at Mt. Union and is getting along very nicely. He says things are booming at that place just now and in speaking of how things are done in that town he said that one night some fellow swore vengeance on the police and he succeeded in making his escape. He (Wilson) was in a moving picture show that night and knew nothing, whatever, as to what was going on outside. When he came from the show there was a big crowd around the door and the first thing he knew he was "pinched" and taken to the police station as the man who had made the threats. He was there about twenty minutes before he was able to prove he was not the villain. As soon as the mayor of the town laid his eyes on him he at once said that it was a case of mistaken identity and he was immediately discharged. It is evident that they will not stand for any foolishness in that place.

James Foreman, of Bellefonte, returned Saturday from a few days visit to his old home at Chambersburg.

Mrs. Claude Cook and her daughter, Miss Grace Cook returned to Bellefonte Tuesday from New York where they had been shopping.

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Rev. George Gunter, formerly pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Tyrone, who filled the pulpit in the Bellefonte Presbyterian church, now of Springfield, Ill., has accepted a call to the First Presbyterian church at Seattle, Cal., with a membership of 5000. He is one of the brilliant men in the Presbyterian ministry.

Harold Gardner, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. I. Gardner, formerly of Bellefonte but now of Clearfield, was in Bellefonte Saturday greeting friends. For several years he has been a chemist for the Pennsylvania Railroad Company with headquarters at Altoona. He was in line of promotion and the American Steel Foundries, of Granite City, Ill., were seeking a man to become the chief chemist of their large plant and offered Harold the position. He went west last week and looked things over and accepted it. He left to-day (Thursday) to take full charge of the chemistry department of these works. It was stated recently that he had been turned down at Philadelphia on his examination to join the conscript army and then was re-examined at Altoona and accepted. This statement was incorrect. He was turned down once on account of having a weak heart and that was the Alpha and the Omega. If he could have gotten into the army it was his intention to go.

Frank Sasserman, Register of Centre county, has settled the high price of butter and milk by buying a cow. Instead of the milkman getting his long green the miller will take the cream so it is six of one and a half dozen of the other.

Rally-Day services were held in the Reformed Sunday School last Sunday. The annual contest for the large pennant resulted in its remaining in possession of the girls, they having had four more present than the boys. The offerings of the School, in support of their own mission station in Japan, amounted to \$81.

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